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"Easy as peeling a banana..."

. . . that's how easy it is to separate the perfect Kraft De Luxe Slices.

In fact, some people think we should have given these slices a name like "Easy-snaks" or "Handi-cheez" or "2-second Treat."

Certainly they *are* the easiest, quickest *way in the world to swell-eating cheese* sandwiches. But that isn't all.

Because of our wonderful *new way* of making fine pasteurized process cheese slices we can give you all-round higher *quality* than you've ever had before in your life . . . in *any* sliced cheese.

This new method not only makes *perfect* slices that separate easily and keep beautifully, it *improves the flavor*. And it *insures* cleanliness because the slices are formed right after pasteurization; sealed within seconds, 8 to a package!

Do you see why we have named them Kraft *De Luxe* Slices?

KRAFT FOODS COMPANY

Makers or importers of the world's favorite cheeses

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RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE • NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why...

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

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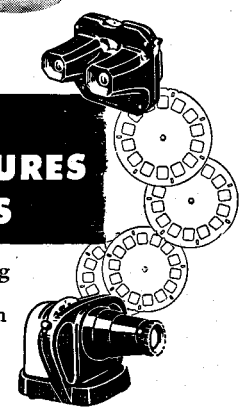

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- ☐ Carlsbad Caverns
- ☐ Death Valley
- ☐ Glacier
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- ☐ Mexico City, Mexico
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- ☐ Tipperary, Ireland
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Fireworks! . . . . . HOWARD FORSBERG

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Coronet *Recommends . . .*

WE'RE NOT MARRIED

SIX COUPLES get an identical letter: the Justice of the Peace who married them, it says, was not legally commissioned, so they are not married after all. Involved are a candidate for the "Mrs. America" crown, the Mr. and Mrs. of a radio breakfast show, and a G.I. who is simultaneously about to become a father and be shipped overseas. Laughs at the rate of one-a-minute make this 20th Century-Fox film one of the year's funniest pictures.

THE SNIPER

THIS IS THE study of a psychopath. Sick and tortured, but unable to help himself, Eddie Miller takes his rifle to a roof top and launches a reign of terror. Before it is over, a city is ensnared in panic and dread. There are no heroics here, and no romance. It is the grim story of an exciting man hunt. In near-documentary fashion, Stanley Kramer, Columbia Pictures and a fine cast have presented a gripping and significant movie.

SCARAMOUCHE

RAFAEL SABATINI'S swashbuckling novel about the turbulent days before the French Revolution has been brought to the screen with a Technicolor flourish by MGM. With Stewart Granger as Scaramouche—"He was born with a gift of laughter and a sense that the world was mad"—and Eleanor Parker as the tempestuous Lenore, the story rolls high-spiritedly through intrigue, swordplay and romance to a happy ending.

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Go swimming

...rely on Tampax!

Take a leisurely swim and dry out pleasantly in the sun—any time you want to. Yes, you can enjoy the beach even on "those days" if you use Tampax sanitary protection. No more staying out of water or daring a quick, uneasy dip with a rush for cover afterwards. You can rely on Tampax for utmost secrecy whether bathing suit is dry or wet.

Tampax is an internal absorbent, invented by a doctor to be worn internally. No belts, no pins, no external pads with Tampax. Nothing whatever outside. No outlines and no bulges even under the snuggest clothes you could ever wear. No chafing and no odor.... Tampax is made of compressed surgical cotton and comes in applicators which make insertion easy. Actual size so small, disposal difficulties disappear.

You can buy Tampax everywhere at drug and notion counters and you can carry home an average month's supply in purse. Or get the economy package—neat and inconspicuous—holding 4 months' average supply. Three absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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Give the pedestrian a chance to cross the street—even if the light *has* changed.

MANNERS FOR MOTORISTS

APART FROM the deadly toll of war—whose very objective is to kill—there are no more appalling casualty figures than those piled up every year on America's highways. Twice every minute, day and night, someone is killed or injured in an automobile accident.

The fault lies not with our cars, which have always been engineered for safety first. Our highways are the world's finest, as is, in most cases, our system of traffic enforcement. The fault is a human one. Bluntly, it lies with you.

Few of us would deliberately push someone into the street in order to get by in a hurry. Yet drivers do the equivalent when they force other cars off the road in an effort to pass. We wouldn't slam a door in someone's face, but making a two-wheel turn without signaling is doing the same thing with a car.

Whether you are driving, sitting in the back seat, or crossing at an intersection, safety is a matter of common courtesy. It has been said that using the same consideration on the road as we do in other phases of life would cut our accident toll to almost nothing. What a small price to pay each year for the lives of 35,000 Americans!

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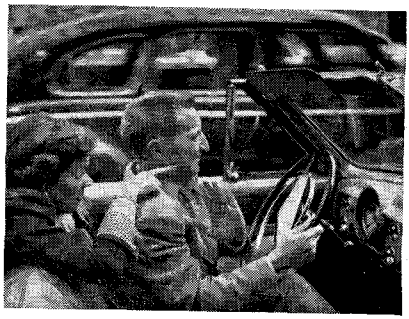
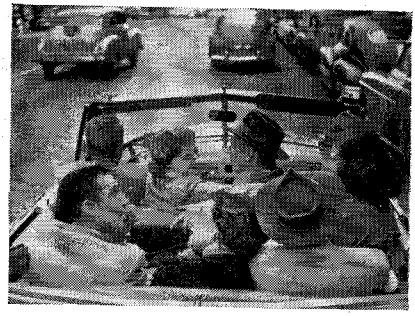


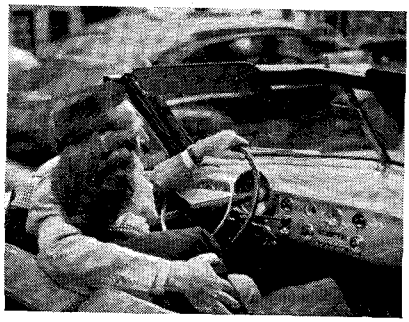
Back-seat driving, long the butt of comedians, actually *does* lead to frayed tempers, dented fenders—and much worse.

Even when you've reached your destination, other traffic is moving. Play it safe—*don't get out on the driver's side.*

When you are driving, concentrate on it. Guests in the back seat will excuse you, especially when their safety is involved.



Overloading a car will elbow the man behind the wheel out of a proper position, thus making safe driving difficult.



Automobiles were designed for two hands on the wheel. If you take one off to indulge in a caress, it may be your last.

Arguing with a traffic policeman is as senseless as it is futile. His job is the protection of everyone—including yourself.

Posed by Garry Moore, Ken Carson, Denise Lor, Durward Kirby, and Howard Smith of the cast of the Garry Moore show, CBS-TV; and Patrolman Edward Sparks of the Mt. Vernon Police Department.

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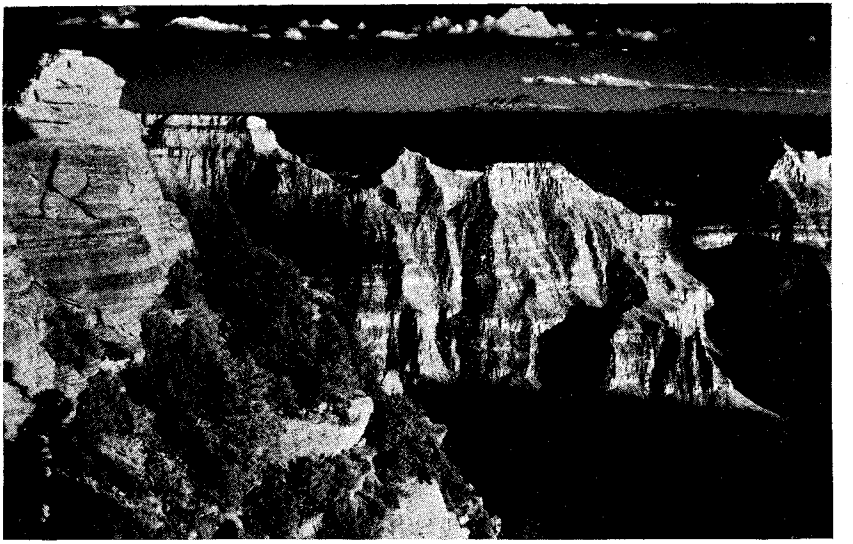
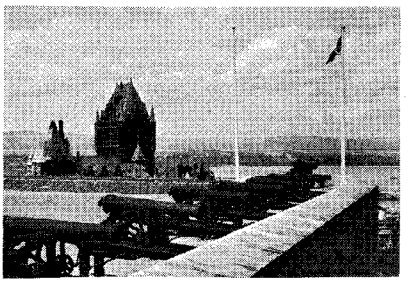
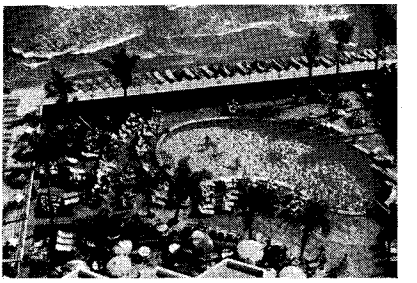
Going Away with the Family?



National Parks: Nothing brings a family closer to the wonders of wildlife and woodland—and to each other—than a camping trip to one of America's far-flung national parks. Living and learning in the great outdoors, children feel like young pioneers, and parents, far from the turmoil of the cities and the demands of civilization, rest and relax in a setting of rustic beauty.



Quebec: Imbued with all the fascination of a foreign land, Canada is ideal for the vacationing family with school-age children. Nowhere else on this continent can they hear French spoken by natives or learn from the history of towns with the unique flavor of France.



Miami Beach: This is the time for a budget vacation in Florida for the whole family. Air lines offer special prices, and rates in most hotels are only a fraction of their "on-season" cost. And still the ocean is the same beautiful blue, with rest and recreation everywhere.

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"He won't mind if we wake him up. We're carrying American Express Travelers Cheques."

Wide-awake travelers always protect their travel cash with American Express Travelers Cheques – the *best-known,* most widely accepted cheques in the world. They're as spendable as cash *everywhere.* American Express Travelers Cheques are 100% safe – if they're lost or stolen you get a quick refund.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at any Bank – also principal Western Union, Railway Express offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

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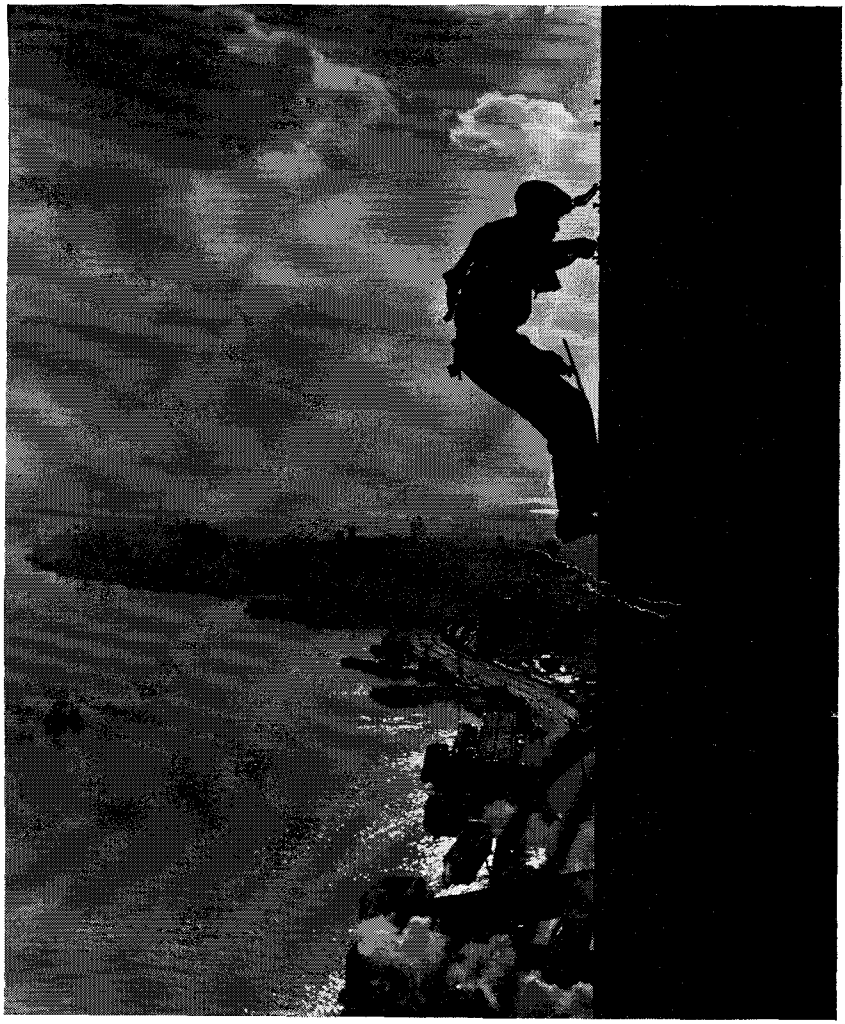

Assignment in the Sky

WINDOW washers are the first to tell you that theirs is an easy skill to master. The knack of disregarding the fact that you may be working 1,000 feet above the sidewalk is all it takes. Yet window washing ranks are seldom crowded, and it takes an apprentice four to six weeks to stop worrying about whether the safety belt will hold. The rewards? Good pay, plenty of fresh air.

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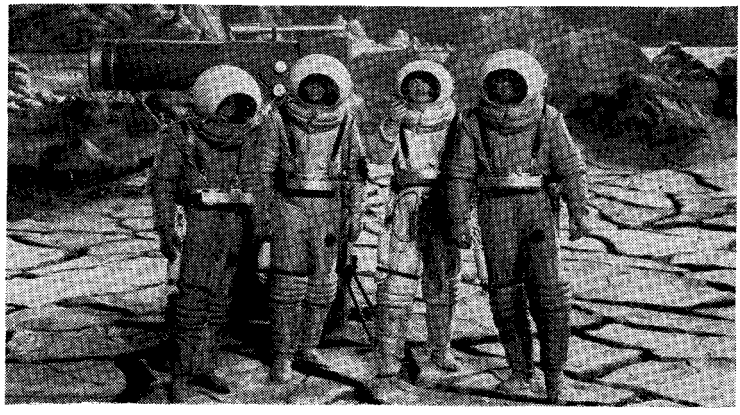
Would You Like to Take a Trip to the Moon?

Yes, you can visit the moon—and hundreds of other exciting places—via *16mm sound motion pictures.* "Destination Moon" is only one of 64 *all-time* entertainment hits Ideal Pictures had added to its library of 16mm films, already the world's largest.



Other new hits include:

LOST HORIZON—
Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Thomas Mitchell

MISS GRANT TAKES RICHMOND—
Lucille Ball, William Holden

YOU WERE NEVER LOVELIER—
Rita Hayworth, Fred Astaire

GOLDEN BOY—
William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck

TALK OF THE TOWN—
Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Ronald Colman

THE BABE RUTH STORY—
William Bendix, Claire Trevor

DOOLINS OF OKLAHOMA—
Randolph Scott, George Macready

A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS—
Cornel Wilde, Evelyn Keyes

SONG OF INDIA—
Sabu, Gail Russell

THE JACKIE ROBINSON STORY—
Jackie Robinson

For your free folder of *new 16mm releases* available from Ideal, write, phone, or visit your *local Ideal dealer today—there are 26 nationally.* Or write to:

® Ideal Pictures

Dept. C-307, 65 E. South Water Street, Chicago 1, Illinois

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Famous in her native Spain, Carmen Sevilla has yet to appear in an American film.

Another Garbo?

IN HOLLYWOOD, Garbo is still a magic word. Ever since the Inscrutable Swede came across the sea to entrance Americans with her rare beauty and talent, movie moguls have searched persistently for "another Garbo."

They thought they had her in Marlene Dietrich. Soon enough, they found that they had not "another Garbo" but "the one and only Dietrich." They did not complain; they merely shifted their sights: a girl needn't be "another Garbo." If she were beautiful and spoke with a fetching accent, the box-office results would be the same.

So began the "foreign discovery" era in Hollywood. Sigrid Gurie, for example, was introduced as a Norwegian beauty. Later it developed that she had been born in Brooklyn.

Though the search continues unabated, producers now seek that special brand of realism that is the hallmark of European actresses. They have come up with Ingrid Bergman, Marta Toren, Pier Angeli—and are still trying.

Here are some of the newest foreign candidates for stardom. Their beauty and talent are praiseworthy—and unique. But times haven't changed so very much: and it is not inconceivable that one of them will be introduced with a resounding declaration that here, at last, is "another Garbo."

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Alida Valli (known only as Valli in the U. S.) began acting in Italy. She has already made several films for David O. Selznick, with more still to come.

Hollywood bid for the services of Gina Lollobrigida after watching her in a score of Italian films. With her husband, a physician, Gina lives in Rome.

Martine Carol has the fresh, wind-blown look we usually associate with the American outdoor girl. The fact is that her movies were made in France and Italy.

Many Americans saw tempestuous Silvana Mangano in *Bitter Rice*, a superb Italian film. Versatile as well as lovely, Silvana plays a nun in her next, *Anna*.

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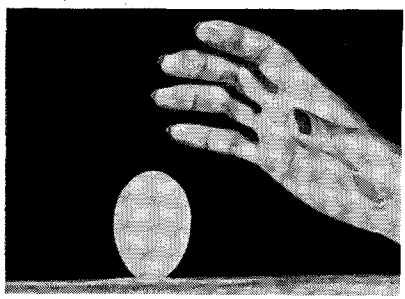
Coronet Quick Tricks



THE TRICK: To balance a sharpened pencil on your finger.

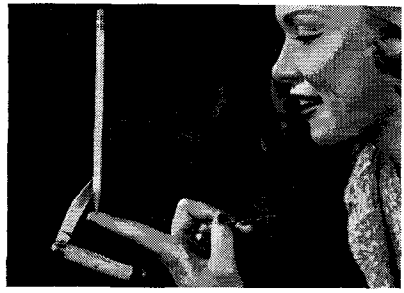
HOW TO DO IT: Force a half-open pocket knife into the pencil near its point. A few tentative attempts will quickly show you exactly where to place the point on your finger so that the pencil remains in perfect balance.

THE TRICK: Make nine squares, as shown at left, out of 24 matches. Remove eight matches and leave only two squares.

HOW TO DO IT: By taking away the eight matches that join the large outer square to the small inner square, you have only two squares left and the problem is solved.

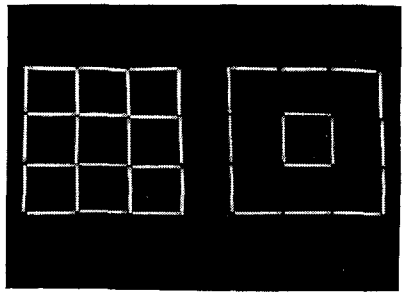
THE TRICK: To make an ordinary egg stand on its narrow end.

HOW TO DO IT: Put some salt under the tablecloth in advance. When you put the egg down, press it gently into the salt mound. Hardly noticeable, the salt will provide enough support to keep the egg from toppling.



THE TRICK: Put a dime in the bottom of a narrowing glass. Then drop a half-dollar in so that it is caught and held by the sides of the glass. Now take out the bottom coin without touching either it, the top coin, or the glass.

HOW TO DO IT: Blow sharply on the half-dollar and the dime will fly out.



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(*An educational advertisement of interest to all women*)

What every single girl should know about tampons

by OLIVE CRENNING
Special Representative to the Nursing Profession

"SHOULD I USE tampons?" That is the question single girls often ask. I tell them that of course they should! I explain that there isn't any other sanitary protection half so practical, half so comfortable, half so downright satisfactory as wonderful Meds tampons. I reassure them by pointing out that medical literature indicates that tampons can be used safely, comfortably by single girls. Then I tell them that every month thousands and thousands of single girls, married women, young women, older women depend on Meds, the safer, surer sanitary protection.

I explain that because Meds tampons are used internally, they give undreamed-of freedom. I explain that tampons are the only form of sanitary protection that frees women from bothersome belts, pins, pads and bulges. And since Meds tampons absorb internally, embarrassing odors and uncomfortable chafing cannot occur.

Meds tampons are not only more comfortable than any other form of sanitary protection, but they are more comfortable than any other tampon. Each doctor-perfected Meds is made of finer, more absorbent, surgical cotton. Each Meds is easier, quicker to use, thanks to a specially designed applicator. Each Meds is individually wrapped for extra safety, extra protection.

I often explain to women who have never used tampons that their use is overwhelmingly approved by leading doctors—gynecologists and obstetricians—according to a recent national survey.

And remember, with Meds tampons you can swim, shower, dance any day. I am so sure that you will find Meds so much more comfortable than any other form of sanitary protection, I am so sure that you will find Meds so much easier and quicker to use than any other tampon that I want you to try them at our expense.

For a free sample package of Meds in a plain wrapper, send your name and address to Olive Crenning, Dept. CO-7, Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J. (One package to a family, U. S. A. and Canada only.)

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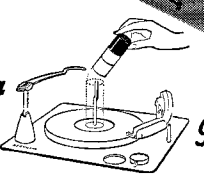
Amazing new "Victrola" phonograph plays all 3 speeds easier!

NOW . . . RCA Victor brings you the *finest* all-speed record changer ever designed! The *center* is the secret! With this new "slip-on" spindle, "45" records change from the center —the "45" way. Complete 3-speed "Victrola" phonograph, shown, has famous "Golden Throat" tone system . . . brings you music with console brilliance, breath-taking fidelity. Model 2ES3.

The center is the secret



New slip-on spindle gives all advantages of "45"

Plays up to 14 distortion-free "45" records at one loading. For 33⅓ rpm, simply slide off big spindle. For 78 rpm, flip over needle lever. Plays up to ten 12-inch records or twelve 10-inch. Also, intermixed sizes in the same speed. Has automatic last-record stop.

Compare the *tone*, the *performance* of RCA Victor's 3-speed "Victrola" phonograph with any other—see and hear the tremendous difference! Three more 3-speed "Victrola" instruments:

- Compact attachment (2JS1)
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Coronet Vol. 32, No. 3. July, 1952

The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

WHAT IS LIBERTY?

by CHANNING POLLOCK

IN CINCINNATI once, I told one of the newspapers that I was a happy man. As happy people are rare nowadays, the statement was printed, and after my lecture that night, a woman in the audience stood up and asked, "How can you be happy in the present confused state of the world?"

Now, there's a little matter we've overlooked. I don't mean we've overlooked the state of the world; who could? One can't glance at headlines in the morning without being depressed. You probably agree with me that our planet is experiencing something like cosmic and criminal insanity. Liberty is lost to half of the globe, and civilization seems to be crumbling about our ears.

I should think no human being could fail to be affected by all this. We who are lucky enough to live in America are still—though not necessarily for long—affected the least, but even the most determined isolationist can hardly be impervious to the condition of our neighbors. However, there are two possible reactions: one is to sit down and cry, and the other is to fight with all one's strength. I've chosen the latter, and my rage burns up my tears.

If I lived in Soviet Russia, I shouldn't be able to fight very long, and then, undoubtedly, I should be hopelessly depressed. Neither do I pretend that I should enjoy existence in a concentration camp, or even with much less than the freedom or more than the regimentation currently common in the United States. These are among the reasons why most of us would do well to pay a little more attention to our liberties.

They are not necessarily self-perpetuating. In school, we were told about the liberty given citizens by the State, but I cannot find that any State ever willingly gave liberty. With few exceptions, even demo-

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cratic rulers are more concerned with power. Liberty is fought for and won by people who deserve it, and no other people ever keep it for any considerable period.

Wandering about our own land, I find that not many of us have more than the haziest idea what liberty means. To the rest, it is merely a high-sounding word, to be used on Washington's Birthday, Lincoln's Birthday and the Fourth of July, as religion is taken out of moth balls on Sundays.

WHILE BUSINESS is good—or, if it isn't, while there seems a fair prospect of getting a bonus, a pension, or a dole—there seems no better reason to fret about liberty than to excite ourselves because there's a blizzard a thousand miles away, or over any of the other abstractions that, on special occasions, come so readily to our tongues. "Sweet land of liberty" is a euphonious phrase, to be sung in schools or at civic luncheons.

It hasn't occurred to most of us that the most ordinary comforts and securities and happinesses depend entirely upon the nature of one's government. May I demonstrate?

Let's suppose you're plain John Smith or Bill Jones, and that today is Sunday. When you got out of bed this morning, in a cozy flat or a comfortable house that is yours as long as you want to remain in it—when you got out of bed this morning, you had a good breakfast, and then opened your newspaper, and read what was going on in the world. Afterward, perhaps, you talked over some of the news with your family. Maybe you went to church . . . to any church that expressed your religious convictions.

Tonight, you're dining with some old friends. Tomorrow, your wife will buy what she needs at the grocer's, or in a department store, and you'll go to your office or shop to do the work you've mapped out, pretty certain of your job and of keeping your share of the reward it brings. When you get back home, and close the front door, you know you're in for the night, and that the day after tomorrow, and the day after that, you'll kiss your wife in the morning, and take your children up in your arms.

Simple, commonplace blessings, aren't they? So simple and commonplace we've almost forgotten that *they mean life itself.* Yet every one of these commonplace blessings that you enjoyed today, and will enjoy tomorrow, is absolutely impossible to a large part of the "civilized" population of the earth.

Not one of these people can occupy more rooms, or occupy them a day longer, than the State permits. Not one of them can read or hear a word the State doesn't want them to read or hear, and not one of them could discuss anything, read or heard or thought, with his or her own children without fear of being in prison by night.

Not one of them is secure against being compelled to do forced labor, or safe in his home or his office or shop. Not one of them has the least guarantee of a fair trial if he's accused, and hundreds of thousands of them sleep with a bag packed to take with them when there's a knock at the door, and they are bundled off to jail or concentration camp.

Thousands and thousands of them have been shot because their

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farms or factories didn't do so well as required, because they had the "wrong" kind of friends, or faiths, or blood, or even because there was too much cloth in their shirts, or because they stocked their shops with buttons nobody wanted, or stored window dummies in a cellar where they were ruined by a flood.

Just one minute more, John or Bill: you think that over here, right now, the State is meddling a lot in your business, and taking most of your income—and you're right. But in Russia, you can't have any business except such a one, run in such a way, as the government approves, and that government will take all of your income whenever it gets good and ready. Or, if you possess no business of your own, and are merely an American "wage-slave" (whatever that is), reflect on the millions of "labor conscripts" working on projects in Russia.

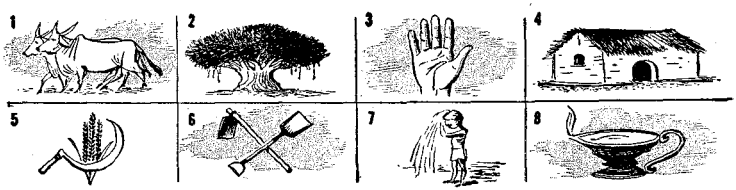
What can you do about liberty? Everyone can do something, if it's only to agitate a few other people, and persuade them to agitate a few more, and make themselves felt at the polls. Finally, you may realize how much reason you have to be happy in America, even if business isn't so good and the sheen is fading from that last year's car. You may remember that freedom is priceless, and that, like everything else priceless, it has its price.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty; eternal watchfulness, eternal willingness to fight and die for it; eternal unwillingness to fritter freedom away, or to barter it for easy money or false security, or to lose it by apathy, indifference or crooked thinking.

That faith and courage created the United States of America. "Lord God of hosts, be with us, lest we forget—lest we forget."

Symbols of India's Political Parties

IN THE UNITED STATES this year, the elephant and the donkey are fighting it out. In India, the world's largest electorate, nearly 176 million men and women, went to the polls to cast their vote in the country's first elections held since becoming independent from Britain. Since an overwhelming majority of the voters are illiterate, candidates for election are identified on paper ballots by symbols, some of which are shown below.



Explanation of symbols:
1. Congress 2. Socialist 3. Forward Bloc 4. Kisan Mazdoor Praja
5. Communist 6. Revolutionary 7. Krishikar Lok 8. Jan Sangh Party

—U.N. World

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The C-Bomb Halts Cancer!

by ANNE FROMER

Atomic rays give "incurable" patients a miraculous new lease on life

HAS ATOMIC RESEARCH produced a cure for cancer? In Ontario, Canada, a group of doctors are convinced that they are on the threshold of medicine's greatest triumph over the deadliest of diseases.

Using a new pinpointed beam therapy, they have destroyed "incurable" cancers with a stream of gamma rays from a radioactive cobalt pile. Furthermore, the cobalt bomb not only halts cancer, but effectively searches it out in parts of the body that were formerly inaccessible to x-ray treatment and radium therapy.

Although the C-bomb has been in use in two Canadian hospitals for only a few months, its achievements are already spectacular. The first patient was an elderly woman who had no idea that she was about to make medical history.

When Dr. Ivan Smith first saw Mrs. Anna Roberts at Victoria Hospital in London, Ontario, he told her in that gruff, friendly voice which has made his clinic manner a byword: "Well, now, we'll just have to do something about this little tumor on your neck."

But a minute later in his office, Dr. Smith wore the expression of grim compassion which, after 20 years, still clouds his genial face in the presence of certain death. For Mrs. Roberts' "little tumor" was black cancer—a particularly malignant form known as melanoma. Medical history records few, if any, cures of this type of cancer, since no treatment has much effect on it.

However, Dr. Smith's reassuring words were not wholly without justification. The day before, a fantastic package had been delivered to his clinic—a huge barrel of lead weighing a ton, and concealing in its heart a stack of cobalt discs which were reputed to be the strongest medicine ever compounded by man.

Next day, Mrs. Roberts became the first human being to undergo treatment by a cobalt bomb. For the package delivered to Dr. Smith's clinic was one of the world's first two cobalt-beam therapy units, and

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the discs guarded by foot-thick walls of lead in a camera-like machine, had borrowed their power of 3,000,000 volts directly from the world's most powerful uranium pile, at Chalk River, Ontario.

Mrs. Roberts was wheeled into the room housing the bomb, located deep underground so that the fearful radiation would be absorbed by bedrock instead of polluting the air of the hospital and its surroundings. The waiting atom beam, sealed off now by eight inches of mercury, was adjusted by technicians, on the basis of carefully calculated dosage requirements. It was focused on the cancer. Then everyone except the patient left the room; a switch was thrown, the mercury was pumped out, and billions of gamma bullets bombarded the cancer for seven minutes.

As far as the witnesses to this medical test could see, nothing had happened. The patient herself reported she had felt nothing. Even medical examination showed only a slight reddening of the skin immediately surrounding the cancer.

Next day, Mrs. Roberts was taken to the underground room for another treatment. Then another and another, for three weeks. A month later Dr. Smith reported:

"I still don't believe what I've seen. I don't see how it could have happened!"

What he had seen was this: the angry black growth on Mrs. Roberts' neck had receded. Its inch-and-a-half protrusion above the surface had disappeared. It showed every sign of being, as cancer specialists term it, "controlled."

Meanwhile, other patients had started treatments right after Mrs. Roberts' pioneer encounter with the C-bomb. The results have proved in practice what the atomic scientists had predicted: that the cobalt bomb is today's most promising news to sufferers from some of the most difficult forms of cancer.

Robert Egdson, railroad foreman, went to his doctor for treatment of what he thought was merely sinus trouble. His nasal passages were blocked and he could breathe only through his mouth. The doctor made a pathological examination of tissues and the verdict was cancer. Further examination showed that the malignant growth had spread along the entire nasal structures, far back into the head, making surgery impossible.

Egdson became the first patient with this form of cancer to undergo cobalt-bomb treatment. After a series of exposures, re-examination by his doctor resulted in this report: "The patient can now breathe freely through his nose. There is no sign of obstruction."

Such spectacular results are due largely to the spectacular nature of the cobalt bomb's atomic-derived power. What medical scientists have done is, in fact, nothing less than harness and tame the most potentially deadly substance on earth. For radioactive cobalt, put to destructive use, is the ogre which is giving the world's population its worst case of jitters—it is one of the ingredients of the H-bomb or super-atomic Hell Bomb.

Disintegrated and charged with radioactivity by the explosion of the H-bomb (of which it is a part), cobalt could form a lethal fog which would carry death wherever it drifted or settled. It would in the

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warning words of Albert Einstein, "make annihilation of life on earth a possibility."

It is this power for destruction which has been put under control to make the medical cobalt bomb. The difference in the method of preparing the radioactive cobalt to cure instead of kill is this: instead of being energized and released virtually instantaneously by the sudden blast of nuclear fission in a bomb, the cobalt is made to take on the radioactive qualities of uranium by being placed in a pile where the disintegration of uranium is controlled.

And instead of being loosed upon the world, the cobalt is imprisoned in a huge drum of highly absorbent lead. By means of delicate control mechanisms, this imprisoned nuclear energy can be aimed with pinpoint accuracy and released in measured doses.

WHAT THIS DOES to a cancer is, in simplest terms, this: billions of particles of energy, shot from exploding atoms of cobalt with the velocity of millions of feet per second, penetrate the cancer cells, upset their little life pattern and prevent their continued growth. The recuperative power of surrounding healthy tissue takes over as soon as cancer cells have been knocked out, resulting in continuous shrinking of the cancer.

For example, when turned on the rectal cancer of a 60-year-old man, the C-bomb's rays within one month reversed the cancer's growth and shriveled it close to the point of disappearance.

By all odds the most important fact about the cobalt bomb is, of course, its effectiveness. But almost equally important to the immediate future of cancer therapy throughout the world is its availability and its extremely low cost.

Already the uranium pile at Chalk River has produced two cobalt bombs which are equal in power to all the curative radioactive units previously available in the world. In addition to the bomb in London, Ontario, one is in operation at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, while seven more are nearing readiness at Chalk River, five of them earmarked for the U. S.

As patient after patient has come under the C-bomb's benevolent fierceness—20 to 30 patients a day are now being treated at each of the two centers—the C-bomb has been proving the qualities predicted by theoretical tests. Perhaps the most important of these is its great penetrative power. Now for the first time, cancers at any depth within the human body can easily be reached. This great penetrative power has shown encouraging results in deep-seated cancer cases—cases which otherwise might have been marked hopeless. Dr. Smith foresaw the possibilities of deep therapy in a statement he made the day the cobalt bomb was installed at this London Clinic:

"There is a malicious cancer group that continues to defy us . . . cancer of the lung, the gullet, the pancreas and the stomach. These are so insidious in their onset, so lethal in their effect, that immediately and without delay we must bring to bear upon them the full potentialities of radioactive cobalt."

One of the first cases in which Dr. Smith had an opportunity of test-

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ing cobalt's potentialities, as far as lung cancer was concerned, was that of a businessman who had been a prisoner of war in the Philippines. In internment camp he became ill, and was treated by camp doctors for tuberculosis. Not very long ago he became ill again, and bronchoscopic examination showed a lesion suspiciously like cancer. Microscopic examination of tissue confirmed the diagnosis.

The man's doctor held out no hope for a cure. The patient would probably be dead within six months, and thus become another unit of the most melancholy of all today's vital statistics, for lung cancer is the fastest-increasing cause of death. In 1930, less than 2,700 persons died of lung cancer in the U. S. Twenty years later the number was 16,660, an increase of more than 600 per cent. The lung-cancer death rate has almost doubled in the last five years alone.

Three weeks after the patient started a series of C-bomb treatments, his doctor had new x-rays taken. After studying them, he made this report:

"There has been a very striking change in the lesion in his lung. The shadow on the lung has diminished markedly . . . the lung is becoming aerated and there is now no sign of fluid in the chest."

The man who was given only six months to live has been granted a new lease on life!

Another advantage of the cobalt bomb is that, despite its great power, it is actually more gentle to normal tissue near the cancer than are weaker forms of radioactivity. While the x-ray is a shot gun, using different size pellets, the cobalt bomb, in skilled hands, is a rifle that deposits a single deadly slug on the target.

For this reason it could be used on Paulus Rackbury, a government official who heard of the C-bomb long before it was ready for action. Before that, his doctor had told him, after studying x-rays, that he was suffering from cancer of the esophagus. A ring of malignant tissue had so closed the entrance to the stomach that only a trickle of liquid could pass through, and swallowing solids was impossible.

When the patient asked about possible treatment, the doctor answered with the unfortunate truth: cancer of the esophagus or gullet is one of the most difficult types of the disease to treat. Surgical removal offers many technical difficulties and the results are most often disappointing.

Radiation by x-rays or radium has no more to offer for two reasons: first, low-power radiation which might be safely used can't penetrate deeply enough; second, x-rays powerful enough to destroy such a deep cancer can themselves be dangerous to the patient.

It was, therefore, a patient all but resigned to death who applied for cobalt-bomb treatment. In Victoria Hospital Cancer Clinic, a plaster cast was first made of the patient's throat and chest, and x-rays were taken through the cast in order to pinpoint the cancer exactly in relation to the cast, and to chart the exact location of vital organs in relation to the cancer. Then the cobalt beam was carefully "aimed" from five different points during successive treatments, each designed to bypass tissue and organs most likely

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to be damaged by radiation. Also, by using five different "routes," the cancer received all the force of the radiation, but each area of intervening tissue bore the attack only one time in five. This same, calculated cross-beam technique is used today on all patients treated with the cobalt bomb.

Three weeks later the patient was back home. His doctor took new x-rays, studied them, and declared bluntly: "I never really saw anything like it!"

The cancer ring was almost gone. The pain of swallowing had disappeared. The "dying" man was feeling so well that he was back again at his job.

Is he permanently cured? The answer to that question, and it applies to *all* cases of cancer and *all* forms of treatment, is this: an inflexible rule among cancer specialists prevents use of the word "cure" in connection with cancer—until five years have passed since completion of treatment, without recurrence of symptoms. The cobalt bomb has been in operation only a few months, so despite its performance to date, doctors still refuse to use the word cure in their records.

This rule is so strictly followed by cancer specialists (who understandably have been called the most cautious members of a most conservative profession) that even if a patient has been apparently free of cancer symptoms for three or four years after treatment, and then is killed in an automobile accident or dies of a heart attack, he is not listed as a cure.

Cancer specialists will describe the most spectacular cases of arrest of cancer growth, of disappearance of all symptoms, then add: "Of course, we won't know for at least five years." They explain that recurrences are the bugbear of cancer treatment, and that to jump to the conclusion of a cure in any individual case until the facts are well established is unrealistic, as well as unfair to the hopes of patients, their relatives and the public in general.

But even in the case of recurrence of cancer after treatment, the cobalt bomb appears to have an answer. Examples of this are two elderly women, one an Indian, who came to the London Clinic with recurrences of cancer of the uterus.

The Indian woman's cancer "seemed to disintegrate completely" under C-bomb treatment. And results with the white woman's disease were equally good.

The cobalt bomb's remarkable performance explains why the medical profession, despite its cautious attitude toward anything new in the cancer-treatment field, is more hopeful about the C-bomb than about any development in cancer therapy since the Curies discovered radium more than half a century ago.

Right Angle

An old public-relations man once said, "Good public relations is simply this: do right and let people know about it."

—EDWARD W. BARRETT, former ASST. SECRETARY OF STATE

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The Strange Siege of Cameron Dam

The incredible adventure of a man who held a whole state at bay

by MADELYN WOOD

"SINCE SATURDAY, this has been a village wrapped in fear. Stores are closed and all citizens have barred their doors. Armed deputies patrol every street. It is hard to believe that these people, many of them hardy men of the woods, could be so terrified by one man. Yet terror haunts the faces of the citizens of Winter, Wisconsin, tonight."

All over the U. S., newspaper readers reacted strangely to this dispatch flashed by one of 25 reporters from big city dailies and world press services who had crowded into the tiny hamlet in the Wisconsin woods. They were there as spectators of a savage frontier drama that would have seemed more appropriate a century earlier than in 1910.

One of the most curious aspects of the whole extraordinary affair was that the sympathy of most people lay not with the frightened villagers but with the man who made them that way. He was a fugitive, yet he had not run away; a criminal, yet many felt he had committed no crime. Even the governor of the state criticized the law officers who were after him.

The story had begun one spring morning six years before, when John Dietz heard an ominous sound that brought him running from the barn of his newly purchased farm on the Thornapple River. A cry sprang from his lips as he saw a river of logs thundering through his dam.

The shouts of the gaudy-shirted lumberjacks, running nimbly over the logs roused red fury in sturdy John Dietz. They told him that this was no act of God, but of man. The

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flood gates of Cameron Dam had been opened to release the vast jam of logs piled up behind them.

Dietz strode in fury back to the barn, where he hitched up the buggy. As he drove through the yard his wife ran toward him. She saw the terrible anger in his eyes.

"John, don't do anything . . ." she cried, and then stood looking after him with foreboding as he lashed the horse.

A few minutes later Dietz stomped into the office of the Chippewa Log and Boom Company. "Will you pay for the use of my dam?" he demanded.

The stories of what happened next are varied. Some say the lumber officials shrugged and told Dietz he was a fool to have bought that farm. Though the dam was on his property, they had a legal right to open the gates. Others say that a bookkeeper only laughed at the distracted farmer with the seedy mustache and worn overalls. In any case, the fact was the same. There would be no payment to Dietz.

Then and there Dietz swore an oath that would have consequences unforeseen by officials. "While I'm alive, you'll never float another log across my property!" he said.

DIETZ AND HIS family set about preparing to make good that oath. Close to the dam, they built a stone fort with rifle openings.

The company expressed no worry. Let John Dietz boast; when the time came, he would have to give in.

In the spring of 1905, the first process server appeared. Dietz scornfully tore up the summons. In the daytime, either he or his son Clarence crouched in the fort overlooking the dam. At night they prowled in the shadows, armed with rifles.

When Sheriff Gylland of Sawyer County sent a posse of armed deputies, Dietz shouted a warning from his fort. One deputy advanced and a shot picked off his hat. Retiring to a safe distance, the others fired a fusillade of shots. But Dietz was safe behind his stone rampart.

In the roaring lumber towns of Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls and La Crosse, lumberjacks began to tell tall tales of the defender of the dam. His fame grew when the company gave up the struggle for that year. The logs could wait, officials decided.

Spring came again, and down the swollen rivers thundered the annual log drives. But not down the Thornapple, where Dietz stood guard.

The company was frantic now. Nudging against the booms of Cameron Dam were millions of feet of lumber, waiting to journey down to the Mississippi. Was the sheriff going to let a lone man stop them? It seemed he was, for in the entire county he could not find a person willing to be deputized.

Hounded for action, he finally hit on a plan. Making sure that rumors that the governor planned to call out the militia reached Dietz, the sheriff went to Milwaukee, where he found six men who were willing, for handsome pay, to venture into the north woods.

When they arrived, the sheriff outfitted them in uniforms like those of militiamen. Under cover of darkness, they crept up to the beleaguered farm. At dawn, three of them shouted to Dietz to surrender.

"Get off my property!" he shouted back.

At this moment, the three other

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men from Milwaukee were creeping up behind the cabin. They waited for no talk, but started firing. Answering shots came from the cabin, and one of the men, John Rogich, cried out. A bullet had passed through his thigh. A second man was wounded in the shoulder.

Awed by the Dietz marksmanship, the false militiamen dashed wildly back into the forest. They were so demoralized that five rushed off, leaving the injured Rogich behind.

With this latest exploit, the Dietz legend grew to such proportions that four years later he was still in control of Cameron Dam! The governor had refused to call out the militia.

Though the charge against Dietz was now attempted murder of the two pseudo-militiamen, the sheriff had been unable to find men to chance the deadly marksmanship of the defiant farmer. Even when he came to town, no one dared lay a hand on the somber, gaunt man.

Then in 1910, Sheriff Madden, the luckless Gylland had relinquished his job previously, decided that his reputation depended on capturing Dietz. On October 1st, he and a dozen deputies lay in ambush on the road to Winter. Here the deputies knew they would have ample warning after the Dietz wagon came over the top of a hill on the farmer's weekly trip to town.

At 4 o'clock, they heard the wheels. There was the wagon—but Dietz was not in it. The team was driven by 23-year-old Clarence, who still bore the scars of the 1906 battle in which he had been wounded. Beside him sat pretty Myra Dietz, then 22. She, too, had wielded a rifle in the affray of four years earlier, and had often stood guard since.

Beside her rode Leslie, then 20 years old. They were laughing and talking gaily.

Suddenly a jittery deputy leaped into the road, pistols in both hands. For a moment the young people in the wagon sat there, stunned. Then Leslie, so the officers said, made a move to draw his gun.

The deputies began firing indiscriminately. Myra screamed, and stood up as if to protect her brother, her white shirtwaist making a perfect target. In a moment it was stained with crimson and she went down. As Clarence sprang to her support, he too was hit.

Leslie, sobbing with anger, saw the situation was hopeless and dashed into the woods toward home. The deputies swarmed over the wagon, where the sheriff forced handcuffs on the wounded girl and her brother. Then, though the prisoners were bleeding badly, the wagon was driven at breakneck pace over the rough road.

Myra was taken to a room in the Winter Hotel, where six armed guards paced the corridor. Clarence was put in a steel cage in the town hall. The sheriff hurried to deputize 18 more men, and rushed Clarence Dietz to Hayward.

Terror swept the village. Though sympathy lay with Dietz, there was no certainty what form his vengeance might take.

Across the nation, the story had become front-page news and reporters poured into town. Public sentiment ran high, with bitter attacks on the sheriff for his ambush. A group of wealthy Minneapolitans engaged a law firm to defend Myra,

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and sent private detectives to join the growing throng in Winter. Protests poured in on the governor, who wrote a polite letter to Dietz, asking him to give up.

Then, on October 8th, the headlines had an air of deadly finality:

CAPTURE OF DIETZ
OR WAR TO DEATH
SET FOR DAYBREAK

The sheriff's plan was simple. The night before, a cordon of deputies was drawn up in a huge circle. Stealthily they moved in closer, pulling the noose around the Dietz home.

A pall of silence hung over the crisp fall morning as John Dietz uneasily looked for a sign of life in the woods. There was no movement in the purple-red sumac thickets. Had the sheriff been bluffing?

About noon, Leslie said, "A cow's out, Dad. I'll go get her."

Dietz shook his head. "Stay here," he ordered, but Leslie ran out the door. Suddenly the woods blazed, and bullets spattered around the running boy. He managed to get back to the house safely.

Now a hail of bullets poured into the cabin. Mrs. Dietz and the children crouched under furniture. John Dietz knew then that he couldn't fight any longer—that if he did, everyone in the cabin would be killed.

Mrs. Dietz sobbed as her husband waved a white cloth at the window. He stood staring into the wilderness clearing where wisps of gun smoke mingled with the autumn haze.

Slowly Dietz turned to his 11-year-old daughter, Helen. "Go out there. Tell them I give up," he said in a flat voice.

Fighting back tears, Helen walked down the trail to the foot of the hill, toward which the man appointed negotiator advanced.

"My father wants to surrender," she said quietly.

Dietz said nothing when they slipped the cold handcuffs on him. He walked, stiff and proud, beside the sheriff, down the hill and away from the farm he had defended for six long years.

Later he stood trial for the death of a deputy killed in this final foray. The man who had so long been termed an outlaw was now truly one. The sentence was life imprisonment, but ten years later, Governor John Blaine listened to the pleas of his family and pardoned him.

It was a moment of joy for Dietz when he once again stood on the hill by his home. He was free, and below him now spread fertile acres with only the crumbling stone fort as a reminder of the turbulent past. Yet to his tired eyes, there was irony, too, in the scene. For he knew the triumph was not his.

There was no need now to defend Cameron Dam, nor had there been for many years. Men would never again fight to release flood waters over his land. The lumber barons had defeated themselves, for the timber was gone from the ravished forests around Cameron Dam.

Telling the World

LITTLE GIRL's definition of marriage, after attending her first wedding: "It's when a man and a woman love each other real nice and go to church to tell it." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

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Odd Facts About Tin Cans

by MAYA PINES

THE "TIN" CAN actually contains less than two per cent tin—all the rest is steel. A new type of can has been developed which goes one better: no tin at all, but aluminum with a coat of plastic.

France can take credit for paving the way for the invention of the can. In 1795, the French Government offered a 12,000-franc prize to the man who could discover a new and safe method for preserving food. A Paris candy-shop owner, Nicolas Appert, came up to claim the prize 14 years later.

Appert had been a chef, preserver, wine-maker and brewer. He discovered, without understanding why, that heat destroyed or at least arrested the decomposition of food (a half-century later the first bacteria were isolated). So he packed food into wide-mouthed glass bottles, corked and wired them carefully, and boiled them.

He had started a new industry, when he accepted the prize from Napoleon in 1809.

Glass was too cumbersome, and within a year an Englishman named Peter Durand had invented a new kind of can—one made of tin. This he packed with meat, and soon British sailors around the world enjoyed eating "embalmed beef," as they called it.

By 1839, in the United States another Englishman, William Underwood, was packing salmon, lobster and cranberries to send out to the West to homesick pioneers. Underwood's bookkeepers kept detailed records of his "fresh delicacies, carefully preserved in tin canisters," but they got lazy and abbreviated this phrase to "tin cans." Thus a new name was born.

The Civil War greatly increased America's can output, as both armies needed portable food. The stream of cans went on swelling, until now 22 billions are produced every year.

America's favorite canned food is milk. Products made from tomatoes

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rank next—juices, purées, sauces and ketchup—followed by peas as the favorite vegetable and peaches as the favorite fruit.

It isn't true what is commonly said about goats eating cans. According to the highest authority, all they eat is the labels.

The old myth about not keeping food in a can once it has been opened should have died thirty years ago with the advent of refrigeration. For now food, kept for a reasonable length of time in opened cans, is perfectly safe to eat.

A can that heats itself, thus eliminating the final step for the modern housewife, is now on the market. All you have to do to warm the can is open it. This punctures a wall between two chambers containing water and calcium, and heat is generated.

EDUCATORS INSIST that the high-school students who turned in these answers were not deliberately trying to be facetious—but it seems hard to believe. At any rate, here are the answers so you can decide for yourself:

Many Southern parents employed tooters for their children.

The hound rushed wildly over the moor, emitting whelps with every leap.

The man tried in vain and was successful.

As long as an informed public opinion is in order, it should be realized that it takes public opinion to determine public opinion. This, to my mind, is impossible.

William Shakespeare expressed in his play through the characters that something you gain through dishonesty you loose easily as MacBeth lost his head in the end.

Salt Lake City is a place where the Morons settled.

The qualification of a voter at school meeting is that he must be the father of a child for eight weeks.

Priscilla, Miles Standish's loveress, was a very sweet girl dressed in the simple Dutch costume consisting of white cap and apron.

Typhoid fever can be prevented by fascination.

The teacher must be dressed simple. She should wear a commanding look on her countenance.

Question—Name three Greek educators and tell what each one taught. Answer—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; Socrates taught Plato and Plato taught Aristotle.

MacBeth is a typical husband, courageous and strong when away from home.

He sees everything at once and writes them down in that order.

Gabriel Oak, with all his horse sense, is really a stable character.

Soames was not too disappointed when he gave birth to a daughter whom he named Fleur.

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Miss Freedom Comes to Washington

by ESTHER SHULTZ

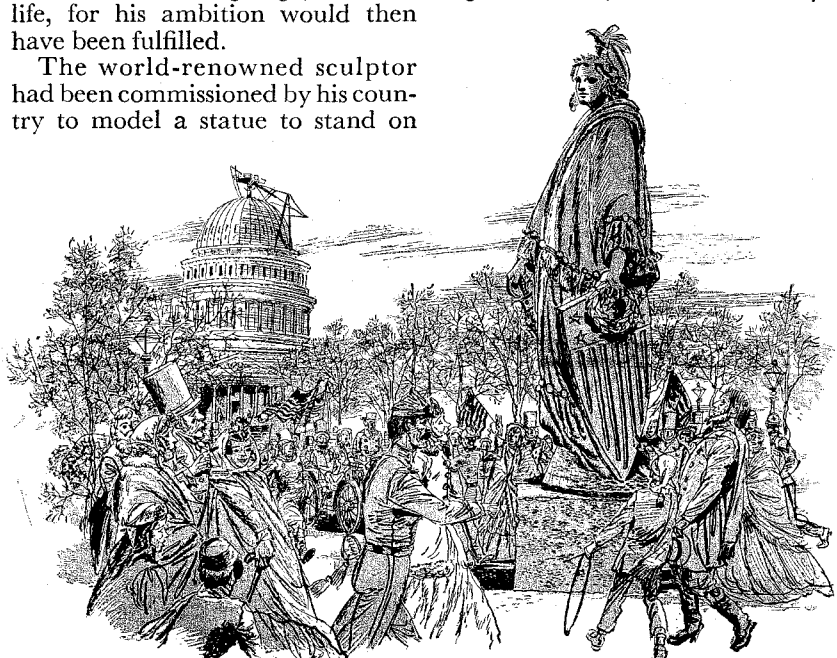
She traveled a long and laborious path to her place in the heart of all America

THE SUNLIGHT LAY in full brilliance across the big studio in Rome, yet Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, could not see clearly the statue towering above him.

Although his eyesight was growing dim, he was determined to complete this great statue, "Freedom," the crowning work of his life. Let him but finish it and then, for all he cared, let his sight go, even his life, for his ambition would then have been fulfilled.

The world-renowned sculptor had been commissioned by his country to model a statue to stand on the famous pinnacle in Washington —the top of the Capitol dome—a statue representing the soul of the new nation. What greater honor could a sculptor ask?

"A country puts its dreams and its ideals into symbols—a flag, a plot of ground, a monument," he told his wife as he worked. "The people grow to love these symbols, fight for them, die for them. A sym-



ILLUSTRATED BY LYLE JUSTIS

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bol and what it stands for must stay together forever. They are indivisible!"

Crawford's wife understood. Her sister, Julia Ward Howe, was later to put similar thoughts into song.

"As He died to make men holy
Let us die to make men free . . ."

Men marched onto battlefields—and died—with the words of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" on their lips. Meanwhile the sculptor, a malignancy in his eyes which no physician on the Continent had been able to cure, worked on. . . .

Crawford was especially careful with the headdress of the figure, for there had been argument in Washington about it. He had covered her head with a liberty cap, but Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, objected. The liberty cap was the symbol of the liberated slave, he said.

So Crawford fitted Freedom with a helmet, and added a great crest of eagle feathers to indicate that the country she defended had an Indian origin. Thus Freedom came to represent the ideal of not one man but of many men willing to compromise their differences for her sake.

Crawford modeled the great 19½ foot figure in full maturity. No weak woman, Freedom. Big-bosomed, big-hipped, the kind of woman who would move with calm, unhurried, undeviating step toward her goal. She would always know that goal, too. So he put wisdom in her brow.

He molded a long flowing robe around her ample waist and up over her shoulder—a simple serviceable robe. For it was plain, as she emerged under Crawford's loving hands, that Freedom had not been idle. She had just won a battle, and was holding not only sword and shield but also the laurel wreath of glorious victory.

There—she was finished . . .

The next step was to cast her in imperishable bronze. But before arrangements could be completed, Crawford died.

Like the country for which she was destined, Freedom had to weather this crisis, the crisis of man's mortality. She had to wait in the deserted studio until the nation she symbolized, beset by the crisis of imminent civil war, sent for her.

ON THE EVENING of April 19, 1858, a leaky old bark, the *Emily Taylor*, slowly put out to sea from Leghorn, bound for New York. The statue, in five pieces, was in her hold.

As the *Emily Taylor* bowled along, she began to take water alarmingly and the captain ordered: "Put in to Gibraltar for repairs!"

It took a month to caulk the *Emily Taylor* and on June 26th, she pushed off westward again. A day out, the bark ran into a fierce nor'-wester. She fought it bravely, pitching and rolling, but by July 12th was taking water again.

To save the ship the captain ordered some cargo thrown overboard, and she rode lighter. But next day, water was still pouring through her bottom and she listed heavily.

Some of the sailors, their lives at stake, wanted to heave the statue overboard. But the American captain knew the meaning of his precious cargo.

"No!" he told them, defiantly. "We'll founder before we throw Freedom away."

They almost did founder, but

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they changed course and managed to limp into Bermuda with nothing but their lives and Freedom—and thankful for that.

Freedom was swung ashore without welcome in an alien port, and there she lay until December, when the *G. W. Horton* picked her up and brought her to New York. A schooner fittingly named *Statesman* carried her down shore and up the broad Potomac River.

At last, on December 30, 1859, she arrived at Washington, and Congress commissioned Clark Mills to cast her in bronze at Bladensburg, Maryland. . . .

However, the intrigues and jealousies and quarrels of men were still to keep Freedom from the high position for which she was destined. Passions tore the nation apart after the elections of 1860. The next year, work on the statue was suspended.

The Great Emancipator, newly come to the Presidency, did not forget her, however. Soon Lincoln asked that the work continue, and at last the statue was completed on November 1, 1862. But as brother fought desperately against brother, she continued to languish.

Late in 1863, the tide of war began to turn. But something was still needed—something to make the people feel that the blood shed and the woes endured were not in vain. And there she was—the statue Freedom—waiting for her people to claim her.

Thus it happened that in November, 1863, Freedom was lifted to the summit of the Capitol dome. On December 2, the head of the statue was finally swung into position and secured. On the pedestal were carved the words "E Pluribus Unum," meaning the union of all Americans.

At noon, a flag was unfurled above the great bronze woman, amidst the loud acclaim of the populace. A field battery on Capitol Hill fired a 35-gun salute.

Lincoln heard the thunderous salute and smiled. At last the dream had become reality. . . .

Freedom was faced toward the East, where she still faces each hopeful dawn. There she stands, sometimes clouded in mist, sometimes shining in the floodlights.

Ever since, every day, she has boldly affirmed her faith in the United States and its freedom. And ever since, too, she has been honored by thousands who have come from every corner of America to look up and gain courage from this revered symbol of their way of life.

Recipe for Preserving Children

TAKE ONE LARGE grassy field; one half-dozen children; two or three small dogs; a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and the dogs well together, put them into the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles, sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set away to cool in a bathtub.

—*Buda Oilfielder*

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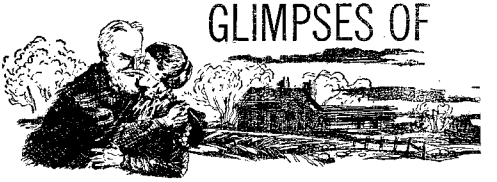
GLIMPSES OF



I ONCE ASKED George Bernard Shaw and his wife to allow me to take a motion picture of them walking together, and they both kindly obliged. As they approached the camera, G.B.S. suddenly embraced Mrs. Shaw and kissed her. Mrs. Shaw, taken by surprise remarked, "What on earth did you do that for?"

"Don't you know that every movie ends in a clinch!" was the reply. —LAWRENCE LANGNER, *The Magic Curtain* (E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.)

AFTER PRESIDENT Coolidge issued his famous "I do not choose to run" statement, he was besieged by reporters seeking a more detailed statement. One, more persistent than his fellows, followed Mr. Coolidge to the door of his library.

"Exactly why don't you want to be President again, Mr. Coolidge?" he asked.

Coolidge turned and looked him squarely in the eye. "Because," he answered, "there's no chance for advancement." —ELEANOR C. WOOD

WHILE ON A trip to Cuba, young Babe Ruth was persuaded by local promoters to appear in a motion picture glorifying his unique talents. His reward for a few days work was a check for $25,000! The Bambino displayed the check proudly to one and all, and every time anyone peered at it and exclaimed, "Gee whiz! Twenty-five grand!" his face beamed. Finally Babe took the bedraggled check to the bank and deposited it.

But while he had been aging that lovely slip of paper, things had been happening. The picture had been shown, it had failed, and the producers had gone broke. And all Babe had to show for that hour of glory, in the end, was a dingy scrap of paper upon which but two words were plainly discernible—"Insufficient Funds." —PHILIP MUIR

ON HIS 55TH birthday, Thomas Edison attended a party given in his honor.

"What plans do you have for the future?" he was asked.

"From now until I am 75," said Edison, "I will be occupied with my work. At 75, I intend to learn how to play bridge. At 80, I am going to gossip with the ladies, and at 85 I expect to take up golf."

"And at 90?" he was asked.

Edison shrugged.

"I never plan more than 30 years in advance," he said. —E. E. EDGAR

THORNTON WILDER, the playwright-novelist, told some friends about his favorite maiden aunt who adored her goldfish and kept them in her bathtub. One of the listeners asked: "What does she do about the fish when she takes a bath?"

Wilder replied: "I think she blindfolds them." —LEONARD LYONS

IF YOU ARE A small man, you may be able to make use of a sentence once spoken by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. At a meeting he attended, there were many tall men.

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THE GREAT

Someone said to the doctor, "You must feel rather small among those big fellows."

"I do," replied the doctor, who always thought well of himself. "I feel like a dime among a lot of pennies." —Aerovox News

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S favorite drink is champagne. Once he asked his good friend, Lord Cherwell, one of Britain's top scientists, to figure out how much champagne he had consumed in his life. He was disappointed to learn that a single locomotive would have been able to pull the total load.

—NBC *Newscast*

SARAH BERNHARDT, during her last tour of this country, was the guest of honor at an after-theater supper. When the guests were sipping coffee, Madame Bernhardt rose, smiled, asked if they would care to hear her give a couple of brief readings, one in French, the other in German.

Her thrilling voice vibrated with emotion as the Divine Sarah recited; applause was tumultuous. And when she was asked the titles of her selections, the actress' eyes twinkled as she replied, "The alphabet."

WHILE A CADET at V.M.I., former Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall was "gigged" during inspection because his shoes had not been properly shined. During the ensuing week he gave the offending footgear such a daily workout that they gleamed like a lighted electric bulb. And again he was given a demerit for his shoes. Indignant, he summoned courage to ask why.

"Because," snapped the officer, "patent leather is against regulations!" —Mary Alkus

WHENEVER HE was asked which of his possessions he treasured most, the late Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, a twinkle in his eye, would lead the visitor into his study and point to a beautifully framed letter written in Spencerian script:

"In order to raise money for the church, our members are making aprons from the shirttails of famous men. We would be so pleased if you could send us one of your shirttails. Please have Mrs. Hughes mark them with your initials and also pin on them a short biography of the famous occasions in which they have been intimately associated with your life." —Marie Cowan

WILL ROGERS came up with a fine idea for destroying all German submarines during World War I. He proposed that the Atlantic Ocean be heated to the boiling point, which would force all the U-boats to come to the surface to cool off. When they came up for air, we could just pop them off one by one. When somebody asked him how he proposed to "boil" a whole ocean, Will chewed his gum, twirled his rope and said, "I jest figger out principles. Let the other guys worry about details!"

—Tex and Jinx McCrary (New York *Herald Tribune*)

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is DIXIE leaving the NORTH behind?

by NORMAN CARLISLE

A 20th-Century boom in farm and factory is opening a new American frontier

THERE'S A FANTASTIC boom in progress below the Mason-Dixon Line which, in a few short years, has completely altered the romantic old moonlight-and-magnolia picture of our South. A swift, exciting revolution, it has brought breath-taking changes in the economic, social and cultural life of Dixie.

An area that once lacked industries is becoming a key U. S. industrial center. Dignified old Southern cities are turning into boom towns. Run-down farms are setting new crop records. Land once thought useless is yielding vast mineral riches.

Throughout the South, there is a sense of excitement as new developments come with startling rapidity. Just look at a few headlines: Giant new aluminum plant in Louisiana . . . World's greatest atomic plant in South Carolina . . . 37 new hospitals in Mississippi . . . Georgia electric-power output quadrupled . . . Census shows Florida one of top three states in nation for increased income . . . Alabama builds huge lumbering industry . . . Tennessee's education budget soars.

When the American Institute for Economic Research set out to rate each state in the U. S. for its dynamic possibilities for future growth, only eleven received a top rating of "1" on the Institute's scale. Five of these states were in the South.

To get the explanation of such optimism on the part of hard-boiled economists, you need only look at any one of a dozen spectacular developments which are already under way in Dixie.

Some 20 years ago, Dr. Charles Herty of Georgia emerged from his

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laboratory with a momentous discovery. Southern pine had always been considered too full of pitch for papermaking. But after patient work, Herty found that fast-growing pines could be used to make paper on a large scale if the wood was processed in a certain way.

Today, the giant $30,000,000 plant of the Southland Paper Mills at Lufkin, Texas, is turning out more than ten per cent of all the newsprint in the U. S. And in other sections of the South, more paper mills are going up, such as the huge Coosa River Newsprint Company in Alabama, which processes 250,000 cords of pulpwood a year.

"We can grow trees faster than we need them," forestry experts report, pointing out that a Southern pine is ready for cutting in 15 years, while Northern trees take 25 years. Not content with its vast acreages of virgin pine, the South is rushing to replant cut-over lands at the rate of more than two hundred million trees a year.

Dixie's fortune in forests does not stop with pine, for about 60 per cent of the nation's hardwood trees are located in the Southland. But as valuable as hardwoods are for furniture, until recently they have not been practical in the manufacture of paper and rayon. Now, however, chemical wizards have discovered more efficient ways to dissolve the stubborn hardwoods into pulp, and the process is being put to use in the International Paper Company's huge rayon-pulp mill at Natchez, Mississippi.

What one observer called "a conspiracy of Nature" is pushing the South's agriculture ahead at a dizzy pace. Take the business of cattle—a big, dramatic story showing how the South may well become the nation's cattle kingdom.

When Florida citrus growers cashed in on the enormous demand for canned fruit juices, a problem developed overnight. Outside the canneries, mountains of citrus peelings were rising. Desperate canners finally rented fields where tons of the odorous waste products could be left. That simple solution led to a momentous discovery.

Farmers reported that cattle grazing in these fields were eating the citrus skins and were growing fat. When scientists tested the skins, they found that they were as nourishing as the beet pulp imported from the West. To turn the peelings into usable cattle food, they reported, the canneries needed only to dehydrate them.

There was rejoicing all over Florida, for here was a cheap feed. Cattle once shipped North to be fattened are now getting plump right in Florida.

Of the top ten states in the nation for cattle gains, *nine* are in the South. Agricultural experts are quick to point out why. In the dryer range country of the West, it takes 50 acres of land to support one animal; on the improved pastures of the South, it takes only two. And rich pasturage covers the land in the South twelve months of the year, as compared to the North's seven months.

In the race to raise livestock, experts predict that the South will surely pull ahead because the rest of the nation has only 19,000,000 acres which can be used for grazing. The South has 40,000,000.

All over America, machines are

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helping to step up agricultural production, but nowhere at such a startling pace as in the South. The old pattern of the farmer and his mule is gone. In South Carolina, the number of tractors in a ten-year period jumped 467 per cent—the largest increase of any state in the Union.

Today, the South has a quarter-million more farm owners and a million fewer sharecroppers than she had twenty years ago. Moreover, the South is no longer depleting her soil with old-fashioned cotton-planting methods. Scientific discoveries have made remarkable changes possible, such as in Arkansas, where cotton acreage has been cut almost in half and crop yields have increased!

MEN BY THE millions are needed in the new industrial empire that is springing up in Dixie. Every business day for the period 1941-1951 seven new industrial plants have set up shop. Georgia alone has 2,700 new plants. Yet this is only part of the story. For every million dollars spent in building new factories, fifteen million have been poured into expanding existent ones.

What really warms Southern hearts is that all this is not just a result of an invasion of Northern factories. Not many years ago it was almost expected that the most ambitious and capable young people would go off to the North or West where opportunities were greater and more numerous. Many of them went reluctantly. Now the young men of Dixie are creating their own new enterprises. For instance, when Bill McLain and Earl Horton were engineering students at Georgia Tech, they spent long hours tinkering with plastic compounds. "Some day," Bill said, "we really should start a business making stuff out of plastics."

After the war, they turned up in Nashville, Tennessee, bubbling with a hundred ideas for plastic products. Today, six years later, these young Southerners have one of the fastest growing plastic enterprises in the U. S. They have a new factory at Madison, Tennessee, employing 100 workers.

Wages in the South are coming up to Northern standards. Semi-skilled workers in chemical factories, such as du Pont's Orlon plant in Camden, South Carolina, are drawing as much as $1.66 per hour. Average earnings in the textile mills jumped from $16.40 per week to $51 in ten years.

New England wages are still higher, but, assert the Southerners, they have to be. With the Northerner's extra expenditures for fuel, housing and clothing, economists have figured that a 20 per cent lower wage in the South would actually give a man more spending money after living expenses.

Robert Holder, Atlanta industrial developer, is taking part in another sweeping Southern advantage: community planning and building.

"We got in late," Holder explains, "but that's helping us now. We can plan the building of industrial districts. Railroads, utilities, highways—everything a group of factories needs. And we can put the workers' homes where they'll be close, but not too close. The haphazard growth of Northern cities can't happen here."

There is plenty of evidence that it

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will not. All over the South, cities are boldly laying out vast tracts for planned industrial communities. Newest and most fabulous of these is Bushy Park, in Charleston, South Carolina, where giant factories are springing up. In Memphis, Tennessee, there is the 1,000 acre "Harbor Project," and in Dallas, the beautiful Trinity and Airlawn Industrial Districts.

Yet there is an even more compelling reason why American industry is rushing Southward. Dixie's soil seems to be bursting with the vital minerals needed for our age of chemical marvels.

Last year, for example, scientists poking around in the swamplands of Louisiana, discovered a big deposit of sulphur—vitally needed for explosives, newsprint, steel, rayon and dozens of other products. The South, already producing half the world's supply of sulphur, will now produce even more.

The mining and processing of aluminum, a key material in plane production, is almost completely a Southern operation. Arkansas alone produces 95 per cent of all aluminum ore in the U. S.

There seems no end to the riches Nature has buried in Southern soil. In Florida, factories turning out phosphate fertilizer were surprised when their activities attracted the interest of the Atomic Energy Commission. There is uranium in phosphate, and the AEC now is helping to build a giant plant to extract it. The discovery may give the South an even bigger role in atomic energy than it already has in Oak Ridge, Tennessee and in the new U-235 plant at Paducah, Kentucky.

Most awe-inspiring activity in the South is the huge atomic plant taking shape on the Savannah River in South Carolina. After elaborate surveys of sites all over the country, the AEC chose the South for the same reasons that Southerners believe Dixie's industry will pull ahead of the North's. Here in the hundreds of square miles set aside for the $1, 250,000,000 project, there is space, power, water, transportation, favorable climatic conditions and plenty of workers.

The South's spectacular development goes far deeper than material progress, as is evidenced by its eager determination to bolster its culture, strengthen its educational opportunities, and better its civic life. True, there still are tremendous social problems that it has barely begun to tackle, but enlightened Southerners are facing them with new courage.

You can see the zest for improvement in hundreds of places—parks and playgrounds, schools, libraries, museums, hospitals, community centers, concert halls, and on the bustling college campuses.

Arkansas is a typical example of the South's great development in education. A couple of years ago, this state was spending about half the national average per pupil, and 100,000 of its young people had no accredited schools available.

Governor McMath and the people of Arkansas embarked on a campaign to change things. A Southerner, Mr. A. B. Bonds, was induced to give up his job with the AEC and become Commissioner of Education for Arkansas. An education caravan of 30 buses and 15 trucks was organized to travel the state, loaded with eye-opening samples of new

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school equipment. Voters had a chance to look at modern lighting, new desks, motion-picture equipment for visual education.

By last year, school expenditures jumped enough to provide more schools. Boosts in teachers' salaries, and bond issues of millions of dollars for construction and repair of buildings are further indications of Arkansas' determination to get its schools up to top standards. "And then go beyond that!" says Mr. Bonds enthusiastically.

What is happening south of the Mason-Dixon Line is good news for the entire U. S. Just as the opening of the West in the last century swept the rest of the nation to new prosperity, so the dramatic 20th Century boom in Dixie promises new horizons for the whole country.

Service Report

THE SERGEANT, explaining some fine points about their weapons to a squad of rookies on the rifle range, bellowed:

"This new bullet will penetrate two feet of solid wood. So remember to keep your heads down."

—*Southern Farm & Home*

I READ A LETTER from a private who had just landed in Europe. "The ship," he wrote, "was a marvelous example of American democracy. The officers (130 of them) had exactly half of it for their quarters; and the privates (3,000) had the other half."

—LEWIS GANNETT (New York *Herald Tribune*)

THE RECENTLY INDUCTED private was making a strong plea for a furlough on the ground that his wife needed him at home. "Do you place your wife before your duty to your country?" demanded his commanding officer sternly.

"Sir," replied the soldier, "there are about 11 million men taking care of my country, but as far as I know I'm the only one taking care of my wife."

He got his furlough.

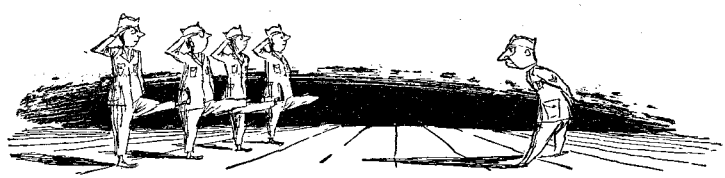
—*Capper's Weekly*

DURING THE LAST three mail calls for this particular combat unit, everyone except the extremely tall private from Kentucky had received letters. Now, during the fourth call, the elongated lad stood there, clutching an empty carton, until it was over. The corporal said, "What did you expect, big boy, enough letters to fill that carton?"

"Nope," replied the other, "but I did think, if I held it long enough, I jist might git somethin' addressed to box holder." —*Wall Street Journal*

IN AN AMERICAN Army hospital in Korea all patients who were to receive hypodermics were listed on a chart as: TARGETS FOR TONIGHT.

—*For Doctors Only*, Dr. Francis L. Golden (Frederick Fell, Inc.)



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The Hand of Humanity

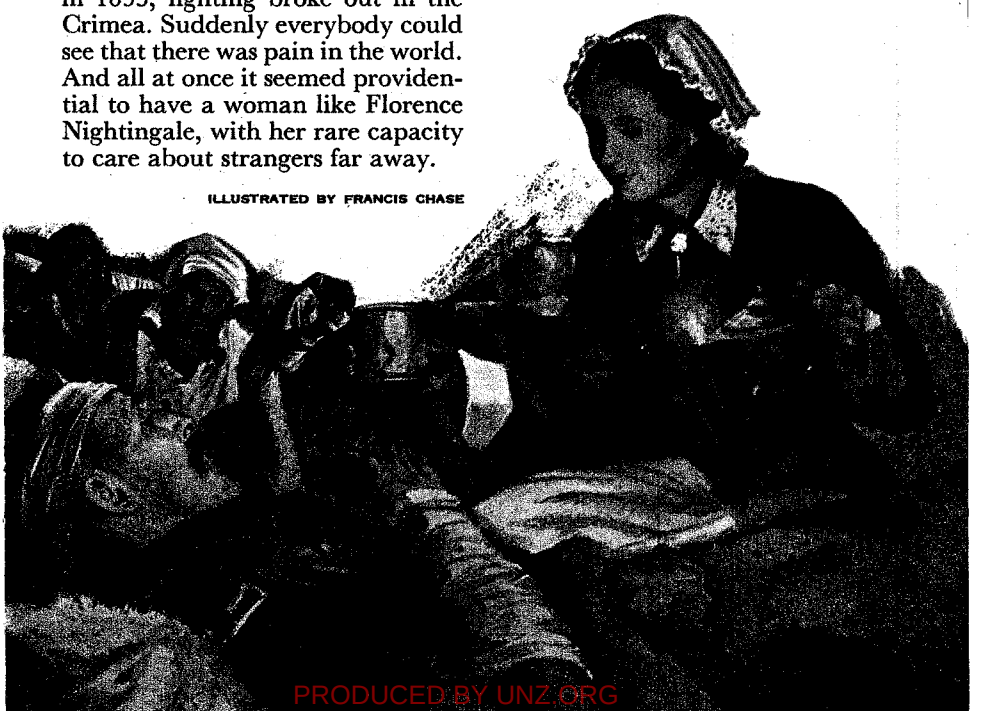
by LOUIS REDMOND

SYMPATHY enters our hearts through our eyes. We are moved by the suffering we can see, and find it easy to forget the sufferers whom we cannot see. A famine on the other side of the world is less real to us than the toothache of a friend. There have been a few people with whom this was not so—men and women who felt all pain and shared all wounds. Kindness reached a state of genius in them. We read their stories and feel with astonishment how much they cared about us whom they never knew.

IN THE ENGLAND of a century ago, it was unheard of for a well-bred girl to concern herself with the sick and the dirty poor. So Mr. and Mrs. Nightingale, the comfortable country couple, were shocked when their daughter Florence expressed a desire to take up nursing in the London slums. Then, in 1853, fighting broke out in the Crimea. Suddenly everybody could see that there was pain in the world. And all at once it seemed providential to have a woman like Florence Nightingale, with her rare capacity to care about strangers far away.

Florence Nightingale became not simply a nurse, but a creator of nursing. If you have ever been a patient in a hospital, and have been glad of the clean uniform, the ready smile, the soft and expert hand, the pride of calling, then you have known Florence Nightingale. She started it.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANCIS CHASE



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A Prison Gate Was Opened...

It began as a minor news item. Military information had trickled out of France, and suspicion had fallen upon a young officer, Capt. Alfred Dreytus. He had been hurriedly convicted, sent to Devil's Island, and forgotten. Later, when new evidence revealed the real traitor, it hardly seemed worth while to embarrass the French Army for the sake of an unknown captain who, anyway, was a Jew . . .

Emile Zola reached for his pen. He knew he had everything to lose in this unpopular fight. But when he closed his eyes he saw a cell, and the prisoner was human decency.

So old Emile Zola wrote, and his words hurt and purified like fire. Once an honored gentleman of letters, he became an object of hatred. But before he was finished, a prison gate was opened and a bent figure came out. It blinked in the sun a moment, then stood up straight and squared its shoulders like a man.

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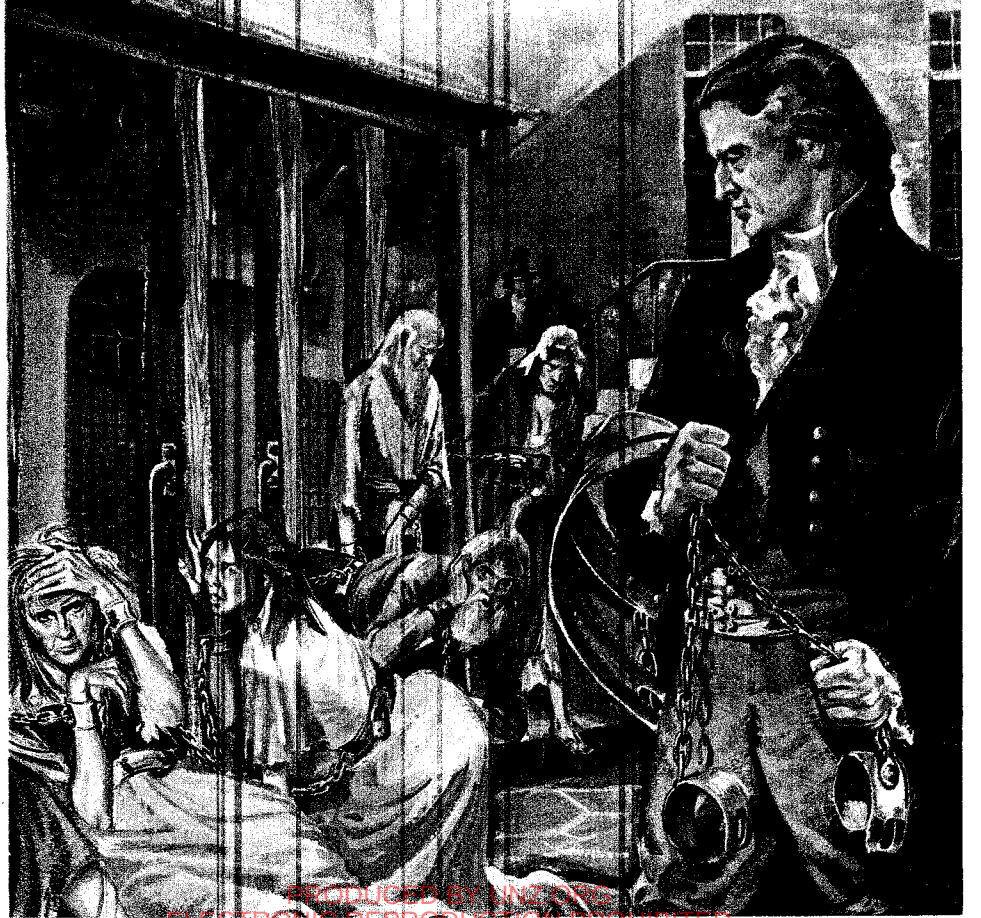
Members of the Human Race...

In 1791, Philippe Pinel was put in charge of a lunatic asylum in France. It was not a post that a promising doctor would have welcomed, but Pinel was not considered promising. Although knowledgeable enough, he was shy and timid; and he couldn't seem to acquire a masterful way with patients. A madhouse job was good enough for poor Pinel.

In those days, asylum patients were kept in chains and beaten. Wasn't this the way to deal with people who acted without reason?

Dr. Pinel, that soft man, couldn't stand it. He ordered the chains struck off, the beatings stopped. Kindness and understanding were to take their place. These ideas were so novel that they attracted attention throughout Europe.

The humane treatment of the mentally ill dates from the day when Dr. Pinel realized, with the intuition of a shy man, that people who act strangely are nonetheless members of the human race.



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He Offered Faith and Friendship...

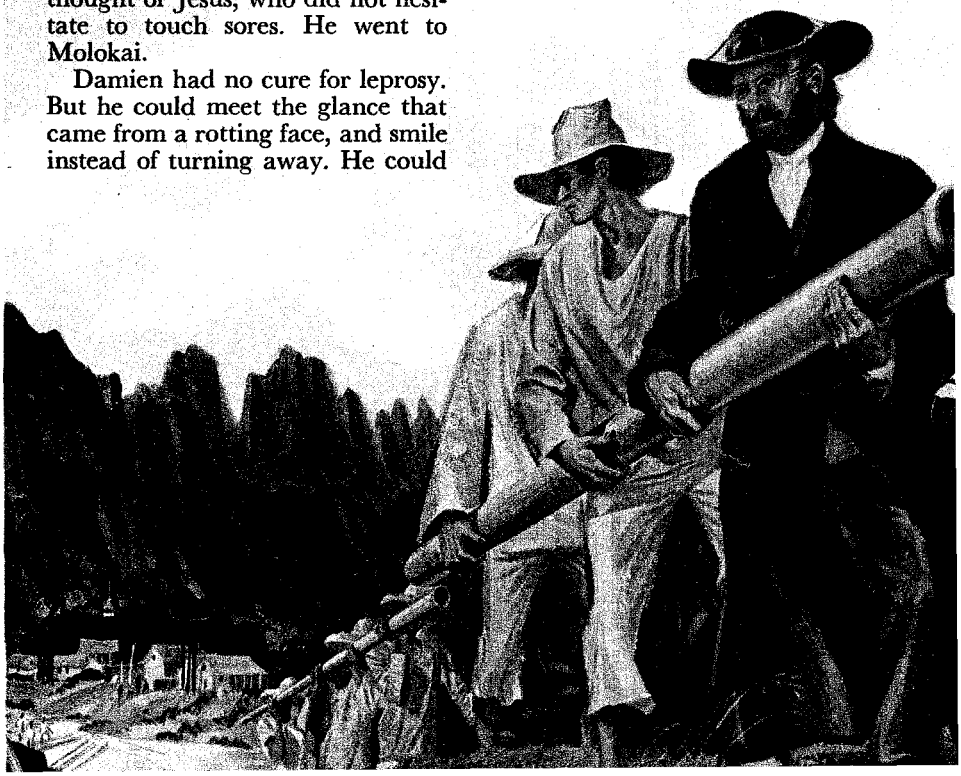
Leprosy was always the most dreaded of diseases. Its victims, loathed and rejected, had to live through the long nightmare of watching their bodies die.

In 1873, Damien de Veuster, a young Belgian priest, decided to become a leper.

As a missionary in Hawaii, he had heard about Molokai, an island where lepers were sent to shift for themselves. The picture of their despair grew sharp in his mind. He could not forget that men of his own race had brought the disease to the Islands. Undoubtedly he thought of Jesus, who did not hesitate to touch sores. He went to Molokai.

Damien had no cure for leprosy. But he could meet the glance that came from a rotting face, and smile instead of turning away. He could offer faith and friendship. He could help his lepers to build houses, plant gardens, sing hymns, just like people with a future. Gradually, Molokai became a place where the sounds of happiness were heard. There even came a time when the men who could still hold a knife began to make toys for children . . .

Father Damien died of leprosy at the age of 49. He had literally given himself, inch by inch, for his fellow men. The people of Molokai were not the only ones who felt cleaner for his having lived.



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The Fellowship of Pain...

Musicians call him a gifted musician. Philosophers consider him an important philosopher. Theologians regard him as a noble religious thinker. But Albert Schweitzer has neglected all these careers in order to help the sick Negroes of the African forest.

He was 30 when he began the study of medicine. With the ink still fresh on his diploma, he sailed with his wife to Equatorial Africa. Hundreds of patients were waiting when he arrived. "In Africa, we are all sick," said a wrinkled old chief. Dr. Schweitzer set down his trunk of medicines in the grass, and began his work. That was 40 years ago.

What made him go? He calls it the Fellowship of Pain. "He who has been delivered from pain . . . must help to bring to others the deliverance which he himself enjoyed. We are not free to confer benefits or not as we please; it is our duty."

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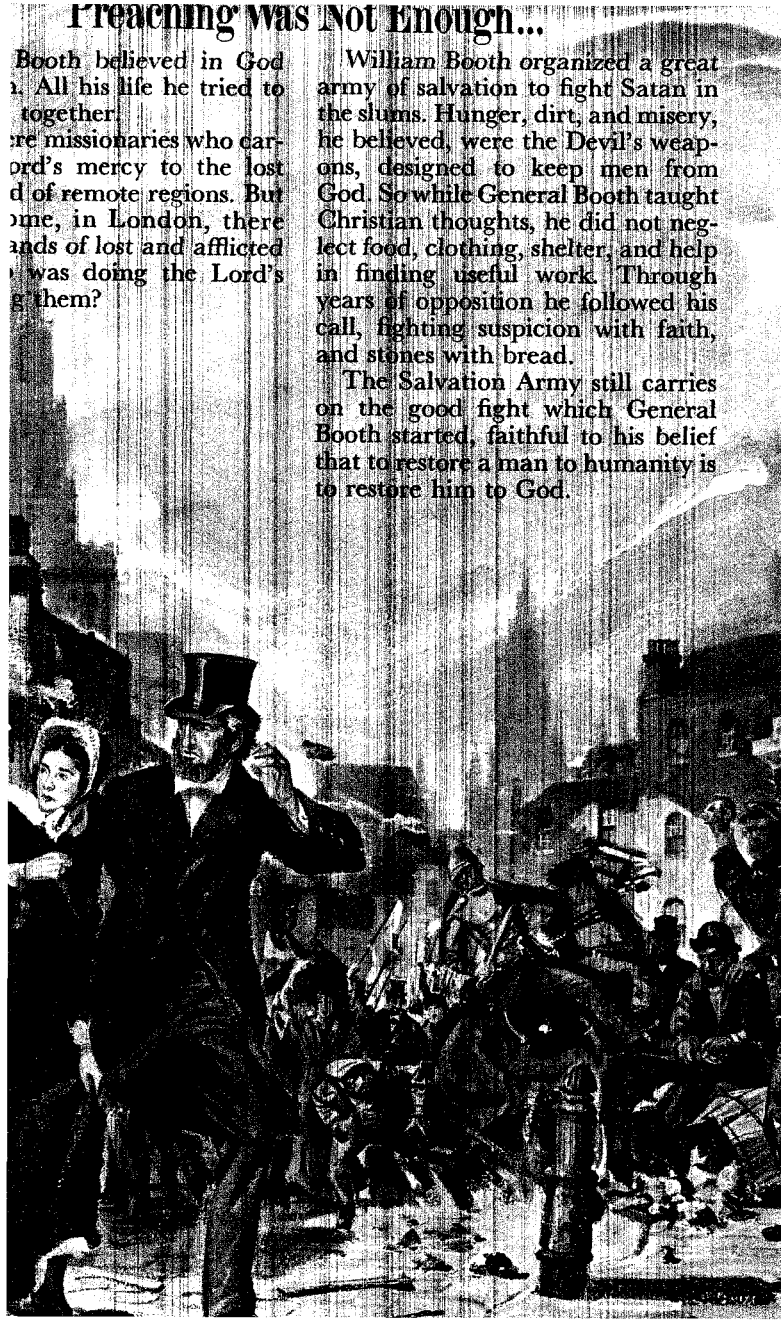
Preaching Was Not Enough...

Booth believed in God
. All his life he tried to
together.
re missionaries who car-
ord's mercy to the lost
d of remote regions. But
me, in London, there
nds of lost and afflicted
was doing the Lord's
them?

William Booth organized a great army of salvation to fight Satan in the slums. Hunger, dirt, and misery, he believed, were the Devil's weapons, designed to keep men from God. So while General Booth taught Christian thoughts, he did not neglect food, clothing, shelter, and help in finding useful work. Through years of opposition he followed his call, fighting suspicion with faith, and stones with bread.

The Salvation Army still carries on the good fight which General Booth started, faithful to his belief that to restore a man to humanity is to restore him to God.



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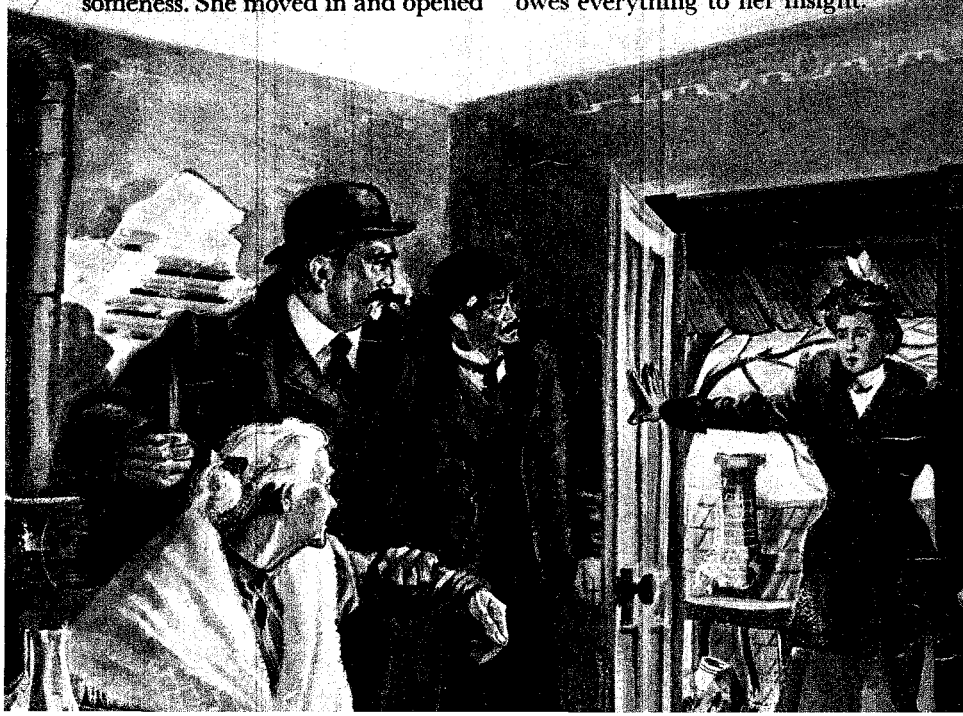
Not Charity, But a Neighbor...

One night in 1883, an American college girl wandered into London's East End. It was her first view of a big-city slum. She felt like a child who has just seen a fatal accident—suddenly aged beyond repair.

Jane Addams knew at that moment what her future had to be. In a Chicago slum, she found a big old house that still had a touch of handsomeness. She moved in and opened her doors to the neighborhood. If your baby was sick, if you couldn't pay your rent, if you wanted to borrow a book, if you were lonesome for flowers, you could get help at Hull House and not feel ashamed.

Jane Addams knew that free people do not want charity, but only a neighbor to lend a hand. The spirit of social work in America owes everything to her insight.



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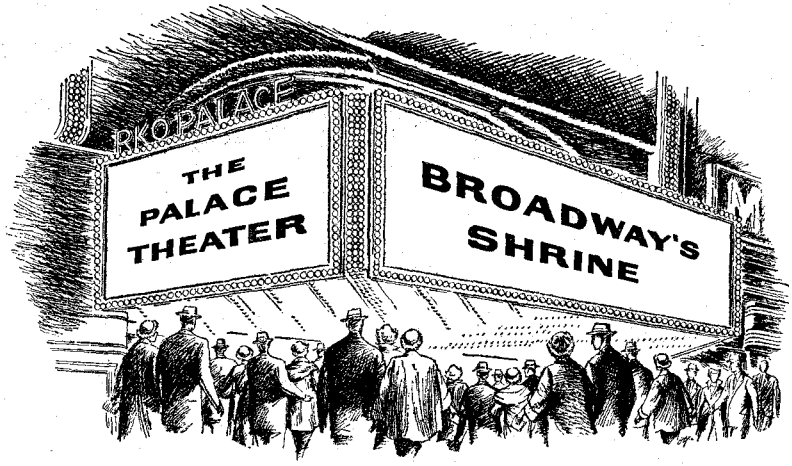

by LAWRENCE LADER

Vaudeville's Mecca has given top billing to immortals like Pat Rooney, Sr., Judy Garland, Edgar Bergen, Sarah Bernhardt, Marx Brothers and many others

BY 7 O'CLOCK in the morning, the line already stretched around the block. By the time the doors opened, 3,000 people were trying to jam their way in. Standees were packed six deep at the rear.

The most amazing thing of all, on this May morning in 1949, was that they hadn't come for the opening of a four-star Hollywood extravaganza. They hadn't come to hear Frank Sinatra or ogle Rita Hayworth. They had simply come to be back at the theater which, since 1913, has been the shrine of show business. They had returned to the most legendary theater in the country, the Palace, at Broadway and 47th Street.

Ask any lover of vaudeville what the Palace means, and you'll get a variety of answers. "What the White House represents to a political hopeful," said Joe Laurie, Jr., "the Palace signifies to an actor."

"It's the home plate of show business," said Pat Rooney, Sr., who has played the Palace probably more times than any star. "All their lives, performers tour the country, playing small houses, then bigger houses, but always hoping for the day when they'll make the Palace. When that day comes, you've gone all the way around the bases, all the way to home plate."

Judy Garland opened there on October 16, 1951, to one of the greatest ovations in Broadway history. She had been a movie star since childhood and had sung from some of the most famous stages in

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the United States and in Europe.

"But since I was a kid," she said, "the one thing I've dreamed of was playing the Palace. It was like finally reaching the promised land."

When Edgar Bergen returned recently to where he had appeared so many times early in his career, he stood in the center of the stage in the spotlights. His lips moved. He started to speak, but nothing seemed to come out. Finally, he simply knelt down and kissed the wooden planks.

For 39 years, all roads in show business have led to this same stage. Every great name in vaudeville has played there at one time or another.

Although the Palace was built in 1913 by Martin Beck, president of the Orpheum chain, it was taken over within a few months by Edward F. Albee, who headed the giant Keith circuit. By booking stars like Sarah Bernhardt and paying them the highest salaries yet known, Albee became the foremost showman in the country.

WHEN THE PALACE opened, the whole bill, including a little-known act headed by Ed Wynn, was paid only $3,500. Later, Bernhardt received $7,000 a week, and the Marx Brothers $10,000, a fabulous figure in those days. The top salary was $20,000 in 1931 to a bill that included Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel.

With only 1,700 seats, the Palace has such a homelike compactness that even the rear row in the balcony offers as good a view as the orchestra or the main-floor boxes, which Ziegfeld, Belasco, Dillingham, the Shuberts and all the titans of Broadway occupied for so many years on Monday matinées.

The famous flowered cretonne seat covers have been replaced by red plush. But everything else at the Palace—the crystal chandeliers, the rococo marble pillars, the tiny No. 1 dressing room—remains unchanged.

But what is size in a shrine where Joe Jackson rode his immortal bike; where W. C. Fields stood over his pool table, waving a belligerent billiard cue; where a mad young man, sitting at his piano, suddenly began to tear it apart, piece by piece, and then rip the nearby scenery until his partner demanded to know what he was doing.

"Just following orders," cried Jimmy Durante. "Mr. Albee told me to go out and bring down the house!"

On the Palace stage began some of the greatest performers of the last half-century. In Gus Edwards' revue was first discovered a kid with rubber legs named Ray Bolger. There was also a youngster with Gus Edwards who has since transferred to a different profession—Walter Winchell. Hildegarde, too, then principally a pianist, started at the Palace.

They started there and, fittingly enough for the greatest names in show business, they also ended there. When Bill Robinson, whose dancing feet had trod its stage countless times, died in 1949, his funeral cortege came down Broadway and stopped in front of the theater while usherettes placed flowers on the casket. The choir sang a brief hymn. Then the cortege passed on, and Bill, who had loved the Palace, and the Palace who had cherished Bill, saw each other for the last time.

In 39 years, the theater has seen more joy, heartaches, sentimental

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tears and temperamental outbursts than any other spot in the U. S. An RKO executive considers the happiest moment he ever enjoyed there happened one night 27 years ago.

"We had gathered together a group of old-time stars who had been big headliners years back," he says. "There was a Hollywood agent in the audience. After the show, he went backstage and offered one of them a contract. I've never seen an old lady so happy. A week later, Marie Dressler left for the coast and a new career as one of the most beloved stars in Hollywood."

There are no more sentimental people than the people of the theater, and no sentimental tears have flowed more generously than at the Palace. There was the time when the famous vaudeville team of Van and Schenck was broken up by Joe Schenck's death. Stunned and alone, Gus Van wandered the smallest vaudeville houses throughout the country.

Albee begged him to return as a single, but Van couldn't believe that he could ever play the Palace again without his partner. Finally Albee's persuasion won out. Gus returned. In the audience, which was the Blue Book of show business of that era, there was hardly a dry handkerchief when he left the stage.

But no moment could top Sarah Bernhardt's last appearance at the Palace. The "Divine Sarah" was already a legend. She had come from France in 1913 to become the first big drawing card at the Palace and put the theater on its feet. She was 73 now, and wearing a wooden leg. It was said that she slept in a coffin-like bed, and always insisted that her pay ($1,000 a day) be given her in gold after each performance.

Her act required that three ladies-in-waiting be present on the stage with her. But at that last performance, as she looked around, none of the ladies were the ones she expected to see. She looked again, started to speak. Then even the great Bernhardt choked up on her lines. For as a final tribute, the three ladies-in-waiting were being played by three of the most famous actresses of the American stage—Laurette Taylor, Jane Cowl and Elsie Janis.

Nothing in the theater has been the cause of more temperamental outbursts than the question of who will occupy the star's dressing room. Two or three acts often shared top billing at the Palace, and the No. 1 dressing room was the object of the most violent competition, until Albee figured out a sure-fire solution.

Whenever he feared that two acts might be battling it out for the room, he had his manager cram it with ladders, brushes and buckets of paint. One look at this jungle of equipment, and any star would be convinced that the painters were about to move in. After all-comers had hastily bypassed the No. 1 room, Albee would have the buckets and ladders removed and assign it at the last moment to his own choice.

During the reign of the "two-a-day," the bill at the Palace was changed every week, and 75 per cent of the theater's business was from its regular subscription list. Prominent New Yorkers had the same seats every week and paid for them a year in advance.

People often talk about the "old" Palace and the "new" Palace. But as the theater has remained unchanged except for renovation, this

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is purely a figure of speech used to separate the two eras of its history. The first era, when vaudeville was "king" throughout the country, lasted till 1933. Then, under the battering of talking pictures, radio and the Depression, its decline set in. To save the Palace, a film was added to the bill for two years.

In 1935, vaudeville was replaced completely by movies. For 14 straight years, some of the greatest acts in show business retired to dingy hotel rooms, depressed, forgotten, often broke, but confident that vaudeville would someday return to its former glory.

That day finally came in some measure in 1949 when eight acts of vaudeville were put back at the Palace, along with a feature film. But it was not until October 16th last year that the real old "two-a-day" returned. It brought to the Palace Judy Garland, who had been plagued by so many illnesses and personal problems that many critics considered her finished. So together, Judy and "two-a-day" vaudeville made one of the most sensational comebacks in Broadway history.

The audience that poured into the Palace was a galaxy of the great names in show business—Elizabeth Taylor, Gloria Swanson, Jack Benny, Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich, Irving Berlin, Danny Kaye. Those who couldn't come, longed to be back.

"If you see a guy with popeyes hanging around 47th Street," telegraphed Eddie Cantor, "it's me trying to get into the Palace. The fellow behind the cigar behind me is Georgie Jessel."

"Save George Burns' dressing room for us," wired the Marx Brothers. "Make sure he leaves Gracie Allen in it."

With Judy Garland staying at the Palace for 19 weeks, breaking Kate Smith's old record of ten weeks in 1931, the Palace is once again the shrine of show business. The wheel has come full circle.

In the dying days of vaudeville, one of the last acts at the Palace was the great Benny Leonard, boxing with a sparring partner named Sammy Rubin. When the Palace reopened again for vaudeville, Benny Leonard was dead, but Sammy Rubin was back at the Palace—this time as stage doorman.

Bathing Briefs

A fortune awaits the person who can invent a woman's bathing suit that will remain in style. All he has to do is figure how to make it shrink a little each year!

Girls, if someone criticizes your new swim suit, don't try to laugh it off. You might! —ANDREW MEREDITH

A man is really in love with a girl when he objects to her scanty bathing suit. —EARL WILSON

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"BLIND TOM": Mystery of Music

by WEBB B. GARRISON

He was born a slave, but his prodigious talent brought him world-wide renown

MOST GEORGIA FARMERS of a century ago were very particular about their annual crop of slaves. Each baby born to a slave was reckoned as a tangible addition to the owner's net worth. And Perry H. Oliver, of Muscogee County, was no exception.

But spring, 1850, brought him keen disappointment. One of his slaves was soon to become a mother, and he had hoped for a sturdy boy who would fetch a good price a few years hence. The baby was a male, well-proportioned and strong. But he was stone blind.

Later, Oliver sold the mother at a slave auction to Gen. James Bethune of Columbus, Georgia. Then he pulled the blind youngster from hiding. "Here," he chuckled, "I forgot to tell you she has a boy. I'm throwing him in free."

Bethune took the baby back to his plantation and named him Thomas Greene Bethune. As the boy grew older, he was given the run of the place, and was permitted to loiter about the "Big House."

Sounds fascinated the sightless boy. He would sit for hours listening to the harsh grating of a corn sheller, or stand under the eaves absorbed in the dripping of rain.

When the boy was four, Bethune bought a piano for his daughters. The girls soon noticed that the face of the little slave lighted whenever they played the instrument.

One night after the family had retired, Bethune heard music coming from the drawing room. He went down to investigate. The room was pitch dark, yet the melody continued. When the General approached the piano, the light of his candle disclosed Blind Tom playing with rapt attention.

Recognizing the boy's unusual talent, his master gave him free access to the piano and decided to engage a professional teacher in Columbus. But after hearing him play, the musician refused to take him as a pupil.

"That boy," he declared, "al-

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ready knows more about music than I will ever know."

In 1857, Tom made his debut on the concert stage in Columbus, and the audience applauded wildly. By the time he was 15, Blind Tom was a veteran of many concerts. He was playing Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti, Gounod, Meyerbeer, Gottschalk and many others. He knew at least 5,000 compositions by heart. The sightless youth could hear a composition played once, then repeat it without error.

In 1860, he played in Washington, D.C. Skeptics tested him with two new compositions, one 13 pages in length and the other 20. Tom listened quietly, played both without effort. On another occasion, he heard Beethoven's *Third Concerto* for the first time, then played the solo part.

Whenever Tom would consent to improvise, he would sit at the piano while another musician played the treble of a composition, and give the bass accompaniment to music heard for the first time.

In 1862, a Virginia musician suspected trickery and attempted to trap him. Producing an original, 14-page Fantasia, he challenged Tom to play *secondo* to his treble. The blind virtuoso succeeded, then pushed the composer aside and repeated the treble.

Tom's uncanny piano skill was matched by an absolute sense of pitch. On a European tour, he was subjected to an elaborate test. Three pianos were put on the stage, and experimenters hammered away on two at the same time. Simultaneously, at the third piano, a musician made a run of 20 notes. Tom distinguished and repeated the 20 notes that he had caught in spite of the bedlam of interference.

Blind Tom possessed very little creative ability, for this wizard of the keyboard was not only blind; he had a low-grade mentality. He was subject to fits of rage, and on such occasions only music would quiet him. After playing a number, he usually joined in the applause; and sometimes he jumped up and down on the stage in glee.

Though his voice was harsh and guttural, he frequently insisted upon humming loudly while he played. He walked and sat with his head thrown far back, as though vainly peering for light from above. His vocabulary was limited to a few hundred words.

Soon after General Bethune died, Tom became sullen and belligerent. Finally he had to be withdrawn from the concert stage. He died in Hoboken in 1908, a grotesque but world-famous prodigy whose powers are as much a mystery today as during his fantastic public career.

The atom would probably have been split years earlier if they had sent it through the mails marked "Fragile." —Evan Esar

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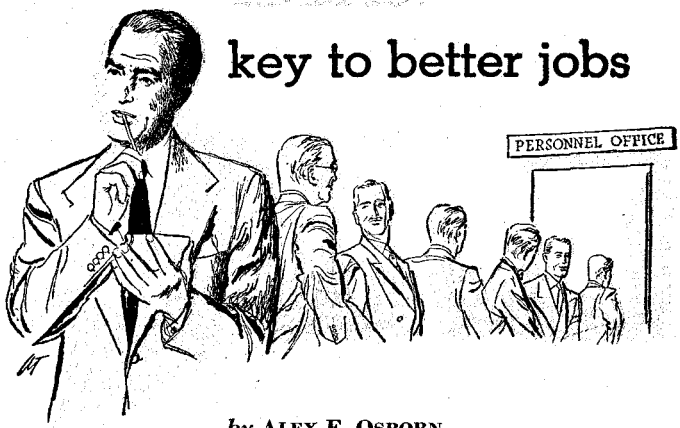
IDEAS:

key to better jobs



by ALEX F. OSBORN

When you go job-hunting, use your imagination to put your best thoughts forward

"NOT ONE APPLICANT in 500 uses any imagination in applying for a position," a well-known business executive told me recently. "And yet, anyone who suggests ideas of possible use to his prospective employer is almost sure to get preference—even though his suggestions are unusable."

That kind of creative thinking may be beyond some of us; but all of us can at least use our imaginations while job-hunting, such as putting ourselves into the employer's shoes instead of asking him to put himself into ours.

Sidney Edlund, former head of Life Savers Corporation, has made it his hobby to teach people how to go after new jobs. His basic principles are these:

1. Offer a service instead of asking for a position.
2. Appeal to the self-interest of your prospective employer.
3. Be specific about the job you want, and about your qualifications.
4. Be different, but be sincere.

All these principles call for the ability to think ahead and to think creatively. To lift ourselves above the other applicants, we need to generate ideas before we knock on employers' doors.

Setting Your Job-Seeking Sights. Our first question might well be: In what vocation would I be most likely to succeed? Let's jot down all lines that seem likely, perhaps using the classified section of the telephone directory. Then let's go to the library and look over some of the "career" books. Let's talk to an experienced friend and seek his guidance. But let's not make him do our creative thinking for us—let's show him the list and ask only for his judgment.

In choosing our most likely alternatives, we should project our im-

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agination into the future by asking ourselves: "Is the business on the rise?" "Will the line be more or less depression-proof?"

In my early days, I was getting along fast in a manufacturing business. When the owner became the father of a son, I forced myself to look 25 years ahead. I foresaw that this baby would eventually head the business, which is how I came to get out of bed-making and into advertising.

The big question, however, has to do with our aptitudes. If we are round pegs, we should look for round holes. To that end we should do plenty of realistic thinking on our own; and we might well seek vocational guidance.

I watched one boy grow up, confident that eventually he would work in the appliance business with his father. After a hitch in the Navy, the young man found himself wondering whether he should become a merchant after all.

So he went to a vocational counselor. Aptitude tests indicated that he should become a lawyer. He finished his studies with flying colors, was snapped up by a leading law firm, and within a year was asked also to serve as part-time instructor in his law school.

Seeking Openings. In writing letters of application, we should see ourselves through the eyes of the person addressed. Since nobody wants a slovenly employee, such little things as spelling are important.

Instead of individual letters, a job-seeking broadside may be indicated. A Syracuse University graduate sought a career near his home. To a list of 170 possible employers, he mailed a very persuasive folder which brought him 32 invitations for interviews.

Likewise, a St. Louis University student created a photo-offset brochure which he mailed to 58 companies. A dozen replied that they had openings of the kind he sought.

A young friend of mine was doing well in a municipal job, but wanted to get into business as an assistant to a top executive. He prepared a list of industries for which he would like to work, secured the names of the head men, and sent them a multigraphed presentation. I have seen this mailing piece; it is an enviable example of creative imagination. Incidentally, it led him to exactly the job he wanted.

Putting Your Best Foot Forward. After a few years in business for myself, I was in desperate need of a right-hand man. I asked James H. Rand, Jr., then working in the little shop which has since grown into Remington Rand, Incorporated, if he knew of anybody.

"Yes," he said, "the other day a salesman came in to see me. I don't remember his name, but I remember that he was from Belmont, New York. You ought to talk to him. He had the cleanest shave I ever saw."

That perfection in appearance led me to track the man down. He turned out to be just the associate I sought, and is now a senior vice-president of our company.

We should look our best in every way when calling on a prospective employer. Likewise, while at his desk, we should deport ourselves punctiliously.

Some employers send representatives to colleges in search of promising young men. An undergraduate

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friend of mine wanted to work for one of these firms. So he spent four week ends interviewing both the company's and competitive dealers. When the representative arrived, he was amazed at how much this young man knew about the business. Those two are now at work in the same department.

Selecting References. As part of our preparation for interviews, we should line up the right references. If we go at it creatively enough, we can probably sleuth out some mutual friends. If the prospective employer looks over our references and sees a familiar name, he will react favorably because he knows he can telephone that person and be sure of an honest opinion.

Experience, however, carries far more weight than the best of references. If we were to go all out in creative preparation, we would see to it that we trained ourselves in advance to make an employer eager for our services.

A certain Illinois farm lad always wanted to become a journalist. He foresaw that ultimately, when seeking a job, he would be asked what his experience had been. While attending high school he went by train each day to the county seat where a weekly newspaper was published. He persuaded the editor to let him act as correspondent to cover the other side of the county. Thus, during his high school days, he gained valuable experience. Eventually he went to Chicago and landed on the paper of his choice.

Planning Your Interview. A job-seeking interview is a selling interview. In planning our strategy, we should ask ourselves plenty of "What-ifs?" For the better we foresee contingencies, the better we can meet them. Thus prepared, we can more readily answer questions.

If the employer says, "You need more experience," about the worst possible reply is: "Well, how can I get it if somebody doesn't hire me?" Much better be prepared to say, "I'm serious about working for you some day. What kind of experience would fit me best for your business?" If the job-seeker then follows the advice given, he can go back from time to time to the employer, report progress, and in so doing make progress himself.

Lawrence Terzian, in *How to Get the Job You Want*, urges: "Be prepared to show the employer exactly how he can benefit from your services beyond the arbitrary requirements he may have set up, and you will present services he will want to buy. It will be, to him, like making a purchase of a new car. Most cars run, but some, or perhaps one alone, may have added qualities—the 'extras' you want."

Preparing Your Visual Presentation. The U. S. Navy has proved that people absorb up to 35 per cent more when an appeal is made to the eye as well as to the ear, and that they retain what they thus learn 55 per cent longer.

Let's not expect the employer to memorize our face and our story. He sees so many applicants he will soon forget us unless we leave him something tangible to remember us by. Even so little as a snapshot on a neatly typed summary of our biography will be helpful—and especially so if and when he later discusses us with his associates.

Our visual presentation should be as graphic as possible. A grad-

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uate of Harvard Business School, after 14 years of successful experience, was applying for a still bigger job. He realized that the conventional summary would make little impression. So he drew a pictorial chart which visualized his long experience. This not only caught the employer's attention, but made him covet the applicant's creative power.

A portfolio with samples of work can be a most effective presentation. For one thing, this convinces the prospective employer that we are both ingenious and industrious.

Plotting Your Follow-Up Campaign. Backtracking is almost always necessary in making an important sale; and job-seeking calls for the same kind of selling.

The planning of our follow-up campaign entails still more creative thinking. Points that come out during our first interviews can serve as guides, and indicate pertinent data we might well gather for further presentation.

The ideal follow-up is a crop of new ideas. When we go back to the prospective employer with more suggestions for the good of his business, we may find him more desirous of our services.

A successful friend of mine, in search of his first job, applied at a New York department store. He was flatly told that there were too many applicants ahead of him. Beaten but unbowed, he walked through the store, then telephoned the personnel director.

"I want a job," he said, "and I've just spent several hours in your store looking for places where I could help. I have listed ten spots where I think I could be useful right this minute. May I come up and tell you where they are?"

You guessed it. He got the interview—and the job he wanted.

A Matter of Privilege

WINNERS OF the Congressional Medal of Honor are entitled to free transportation on military planes if space is available. As a special courtesy, a holder, even if he is a private, rates a salute from a general.

U. S. Senators can get free haircuts at the Capitol barbershop, subsidized by Congress.

Direct male descendants of the Marquis of Lafayette have the rights of an American citizen because of his service to the American cause during the Revolutionary War.

Polio fighter Sister Kenny, a citizen of Australia, may enter the U. S. at any time without the special visa required of other travelers.

The Order of the Red Star, a Soviet military decoration, awards the wearer free trolley rides in Moscow.

Widows of U. S. Presidents may send letters free of charge.

An ancient law on Sark, one of the Channel Islands, forbids anyone but the ruling lord to own a female dog. —PAUL STEINER

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GROUCHO MARX SAYS—

I WAS BORN in New York on Third Avenue; that is, I was born upstairs.

I'M AN ORDINARY sort of fellow . . . 42 around the chest, 42 around the waist, 96 around the golf course and a nuisance around the house.

I MET MY first wife at a travel bureau. She was looking for a vacation and I was the last resort.

THE FIRST TIME I played golf I went around in 76. In 77, I didn't play at all—I was busy at Valley Forge.

A MAN HAS to get twice as much as he's worth now in order to live in half the style to which he's accustomed.

AS WE UNDERSTAND the doctors, you can live much longer if you quit everything that makes you want to.

SCHOOL KIDS are ingenious—especially when they explain their report cards to their parents.

IT LOOKS AS if the Hollywood brides keep the bouquets and throw away the groom.

SWIMMING GOOD for the figure? Why, have you ever taken a good look at a whale?

IT MUST BE hard for a hula dancer to nod her head to say "yes" when the rest of her is saying "no."

AS SOON AS the audience stops laughing, you know that my show has started.

WHILE INTERVIEWING a bachelor: "You're a farmer and don't have a wife? Who pulls the plow?"

TO A LADY contestant: "You look very familiar. Have I ever been familiar with you?"

TO A GIRL contestant about to be married: "Did anyone else ask you to get married—besides your mother, that is?"

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We Lived in GI Town

by MARY L. DEE

A veteran and his wife thank America for their "Bill of Rights" education

"I WISH WE COULD thank somebody," I said, waving vaguely at the campus behind, stretching in a gentle roll of clipped lawn down to the Red Cedar River and beyond to Michigan State's campus proper.

Ahead of us a maze of barracks extended for miles in a mass of unimaginative rectangles that made up Spartan City, locally referred to as "Shanty Town." Far to the right the college trailer camp gleamed in the sun.

My husband and I were walking back home to our barracks-apartment and, in a pensive mood, had stopped at the top of a hill. The air carried a whiff of spring: it was April, and a poignant reminder that we were fast approaching graduation.

Matt was feeling as I was about our college life that soon would end. "We never had it so good," he said. But he wasn't kidding. Inside we were prayerfully thankful to whoever had made college possible for us, and for the Hershisers and Priskorns and Hornsteins.

That was almost three years ago, when Matt and I were one couple out of thousands enjoying free college education through the G.I. Bill of Rights. Now that we are at last settled citizens and taxpayers ourselves, with Matt launched in a business career and me at last engrossed in motherhood, we are increasingly grateful for our country's gift to us.

But more, we have wondered if you who carried the burden of financing it through spiraling income taxes since the Bill's passage in 1944, are aware of the infinite values that came to us from your investment, or of the veteran's deep gratitude for it.

Perhaps our experience, which is typical of what thousands of others enjoyed, will give you some notion of the magnitude of your contribution, and convince you of the

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inherent wisdom in offering such a wonderful opportunity to America's fighting men.

With Matt and me, college had been a long-standing dream, optimistically conceived at the beginning of the war when my khaki-clad sweetheart had married me on a furlough. He was in the ski troops then, and I had left college to work in a war plant. We determined that if the war ever ended for us, we'd work our way through college somehow.

I started our plan rolling while Matt was overseas. It was decided, via mail, that I should return to college with what I had saved, plus our government allotment.

Delving into textbooks, sweating out exams, waiting on table at the College Union to pay for books, meals and clothes, left only enough energy for a letter every evening to my faraway husband about the exciting trivia of college life.

WHEN THE WAR ended and Matt came home, magic words already had been said in Washington and a free college education for veterans was a reality. Many perhaps felt it was their due. Others saw it as a soft touch. But most of the vets felt the GI Bill was a God-given opportunity to find their places in a world with which they had lost touch while fighting for it.

The Bill was the chance to make up for all those lost years, to get an education despite being married or beyond college age or without family support.

Matt, like other veteran students, was self-consciously civilian. His sports coats were too loud, his slacks wouldn't take a press, and his loafer shoes were too sloppy after combat boots. But gradually the campus garb evolved into a facsimile of Joe College, touched off with an Eisenhower jacket or trench coat. Discharge buttons were seldom worn, except by faculty members who wanted to show they were "one of the boys."

By the time Matt joined me, I was no longer a novelty as one of the few married co-eds, for in the spring of '46, couples were flooding the campus, some going to school together, others setting up homes as best they could. Barns, garages, cellars and even storerooms were examined with an eye as to what paint and curtains could do. Homeowners were canvassed for spare rooms or attics. And, as in every other crowded town in America, rents jumped.

By luck, we managed to get a small room in East Lansing, the college town, in the home of a widow. That first term, Matt had a part-time job as potato-masher in the College Union cafeteria and I was still waitressing there between classes. But even though it was fun working and studying and eating together, I was getting hungry for some place we could call home.

When our name finally crawled up to first place on the college trailer list, I was brimming with delight. At last, we would have a Home! Four walls we could call our own. And a beautiful kerosene stove, a one-foot sink that drained into a bucket, a bedroom you could close off from the kitchen by opening the closet doors, and a dining room you could set up in the bedroom when the bed was folded.

It was beautiful. I don't think we even noticed that the trailer was

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shaped like a cracker box, or that you had to duck when you came through the door, or that you could only stand up in the center of it. Even the worn floors and slanting walls were but challenges to our homing instincts. My man had his castle and I felt like a queen.

By then I was an educated queen, according to college records, and like hundreds of other veterans' wives, it was up to me to bring home the bacon, since $90 a month didn't provide much more than macaroni and rice.

Those wives who couldn't find jobs in East Lansing crowded into buses each morning en route to the city of Lansing, three miles away. This exodus caused a curious turnabout in married life. Husbands would be left each morning to face breakfast dishes and a trailer awry as only a small place can get. That meant they had to clean it up or else face it when they returned from their classes, needing a cozy place to study.

At night, most wives didn't get home till after 6, weary from "a day at the office," only to be greeted by husbands who were snarling for supper. It took only a few nights of this for the men to discover that any fool can read a cookbook, or at least put the potatoes on. So with all my domestic leanings, it was my husband who learned to cook.

As wives, we were feeling downright virtuous about "sending our husbands through college," as we liked to think of it. I remember disapproving of my new neighbor, Edie Hershiser, a vivacious little brunette whose sole aim in life was to be a wife. She made a few halfhearted attempts at working, but it just wasn't her line, and we "career wives" took a dim view of her preference for being a homebody.

It took me a long time to realize how much more she and many others were willing to give than we. For she had courageously chosen to be a wife and a mother on $90 a month. She kept her trailer immaculate and juggled the small income to include nourishing meals, the like of which our husbands never glimpsed.

Instead of quickly fried chops and steaks, she had time to fuss with stews and casseroles. Bill's socks were always darned and his clothes pressed. With careful budgeting, they managed to have enough left over for occasional movies, dances and football games. And best of all, Bill always had a cheerful, lovable, well-groomed wife to come home to, who made him feel important.

SPARTAN CITY didn't take long to become a recognizable community, even if a little reversed in the usual roles. In the laundry rooms, where our men pioneered in establishing the dignity of husbands doing the laundry, signs began to multiply, advertising community sings, vet dances, outgrown baby clothes for sale, even baby-sitters—"Veteran of six major campaigns willing to babysit while studying, 7 P.M. to midnight."

Spartan City was a lesson in community living that few of us will forget. Sharing the same clothes lines and washrooms and showers with girls from every part of the country, struggling to make identical trailers into individual homes, and budgeting the same government check, we wives were drawn

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together as surely as were our husbands by their war experiences.

Fully aware of student families, the college administration was on its toes to offer the necessities and advantages of community life. A delightful nursery was built out of two Quonset huts painted white, with a spacious playground surrounded by a picket fence. Open to all campus offspring, its only requirement was that parents would help supervise the children.

The college also issued activity books. Many students and their wives enjoyed for the first time an opportunity to attend first-rate concerts, operas, lectures and plays.

I'll have to admit that, much as we loved our trailer life, it was like living in a mansion when, in Matt's junior year, we moved into the barracks apartments. Not just four walls, for four rooms became home, with running water, water heater, gas stove, a shower all our own, a private bedroom and a living room that could hold twenty people if the party were cozy!

Despite the tarpaper uniformity of the barracks exteriors, the apartments were limitless in decorative possibilities. Once the curtains and pictures were hung, and the furniture was arranged for living, no two apartments looked alike.

The proximity of neighbors also proved to be an advantage. Babysitters were no longer a problem or an expense, for it merely became a matter of a neighbor "listening" while mama and papa stepped out to the basketball game. And quite often, since most neighbors found themselves compatible, the parents did their own listening while they played bridge next door.

The back stoop, four to a barracks, also became a popular congregating spot when evenings were balmy. While our men discussed their profs, courses and baseball team, their wives compared books and babies, meals and money problems.

Family living, far from being a handicap to getting an education, became an integral part of campus life, broadening and enriching the educational process. Child-psychology classes sounded more like PTA meetings, with harassed fathers reducing high-sounding generalities into cold facts which they could apply to Junior.

Professors were put through their paces by men too mature to swallow empty dogma. Among the vet students there was a broad indifference to marks, and a feverish impatience to learn the how and why of things.

The campus was peopled by men and women making up for lost time, grasping at essentials, shrugging off trivia in an effort to comprehend technical and theoretical courses. College wasn't only a finishing school, grinding out polished gentlemen. It was a short cut to ability, a foundation for constructive activity in a world that was in need of plenty of repairing.

Somewhere in the dark days of the war, someone dreamed of giving this learning opportunity to the men and women who were in the service. The GI Bill of Rights was not just a recognition of meritorious service, it was a Congressional Act which in one wonderful sweep turned swords into plowshares and provided our young men and women with tools for constructive,

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intelligent participation in our country's economy.

It was of such things that Matt and I were thinking as we walked along the campus path toward home. This was a life we had taken for granted, had groused about, impatient to be done with it, eager to establish ourselves somewhere in the world. And yet, through it all, we were deeply, thankfully aware that we had been handed on a silver platter the greatest gift of our lives —three of the happiest years we had known, a home, a stimulating combination of family and campus life, a rediscovery of the satisfactions of art and literature and music, a graphic lesson in community living and cooperation, an awakening to the forces at work in the world, for good and for ill.

Since graduation, we've stepped from college into no bright new dawn. The world is in a mess and we know it. New wars are taking our new young men. And yet we are thankful—to you who envisaged the GI Bill, to you who passed it, to you who supported it.

Perhaps you, who have been paying that exorbitant income tax, will take some satisfaction in knowing that we, who benefited, salute you.

Vacationwise

THERE IS a magic moment at every summer resort. It comes at dusk, in that tiny interval of time when flies have knocked off for the day and mosquitoes have not yet taken over.

A SUMMER BEAU seldom stays tied after vacation. —*Wall Street Journal*

DON'T PUT travel stickers all over the windows of your car. It's safer to know where you're going than to brag of where you've been.

—*Phoenix Flame*

JONES CAME BACK from his two-week holiday proud of his bulging muscles. "Look at these arms," he bragged. His colleagues admired his muscles and asked if he got them from rowing. Jones withered them with scorn.

"Rowing be blowed," he snorted. "I got them pulling fish into the boat." —LOOKER-ON (In *Quote*)

A CONTESTANT on the Bob Hawk show remarked that he was going to visit Yellowstone Park on his vacation.

"That's a good place," replied Hawk. "Don't forget Old Faithful."

"Oh, no," replied the man. "I'm taking her with me."

—Bob Hawk Show (CBS)

ON THE EVE of a very special picnic, a small girl prayed earnestly for nice weather, only to awaken the next morning to find the weather anything but "nice."

"Well, that's all right," she told her mother, philosophically. "God probably had company last night and was too busy to take care of it." —ELEANOR CLARAGE

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Children of the Sky

by J. P. FOLINSBEE

Wherever trees set wings against the sky, there an Eden stands,
A tranquil haven, spun of leaf and branch and shadowed light,
Where silently, a wanderer come home at last from other lands,
The sun returns, to wake God's garden gently from the night.

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Born of the earth and sky, trees lend nobility to each.
As rooted strong upon the flowing land from which they rise
They lift their blazing heads in one majestic, upward reach.
And break their proudest banners in allegiance to the skies.

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Tempered by the summer sun, carved by winter winds and rain,

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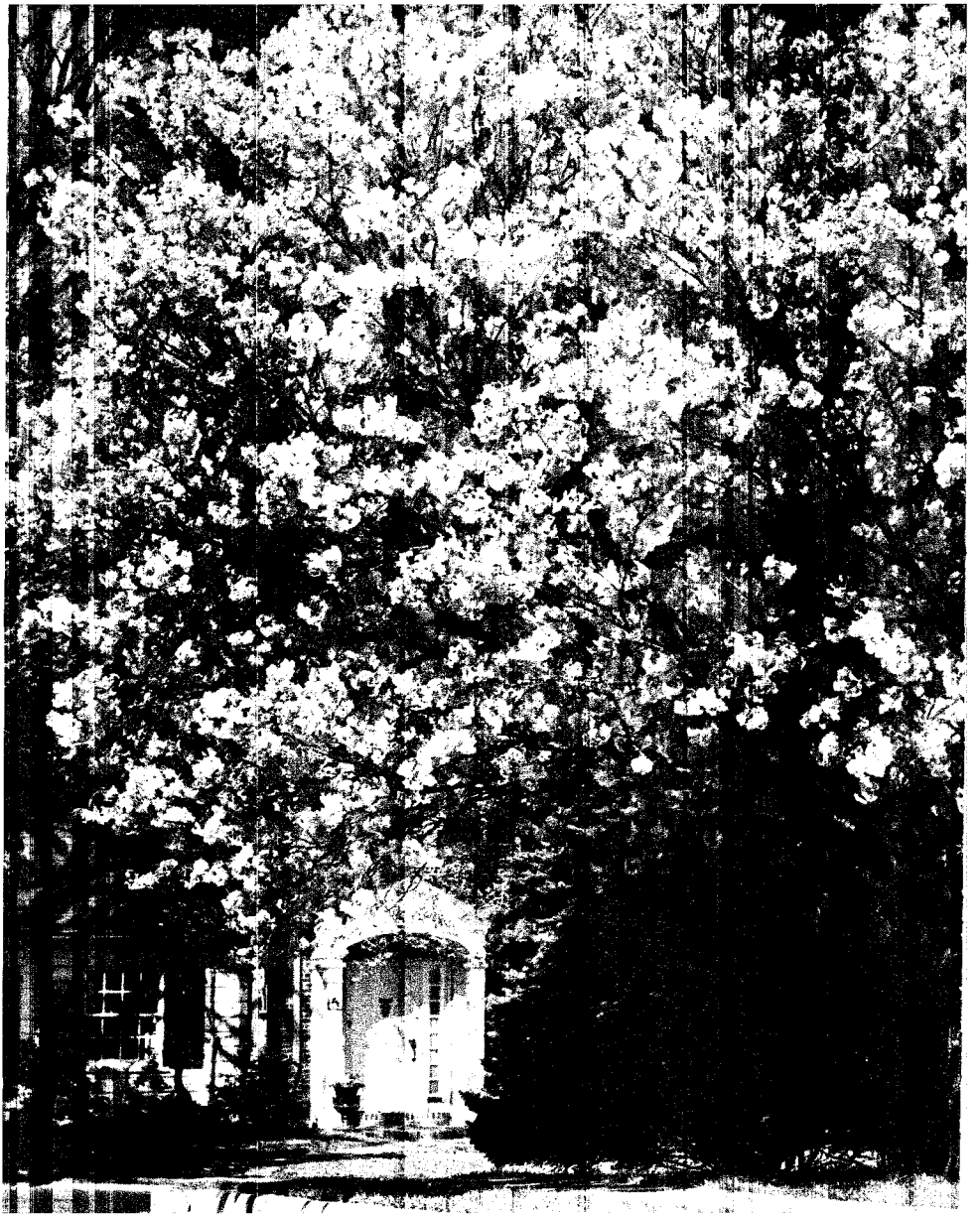

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And though the petals blow and tatter on the boughs they hide,
And all the pageantry of spring will swiftly pass and fade,
Trees meet the summer's summons with a cool and leafy tide—
And wrap the drowsing world in the lovely miracle of shade.

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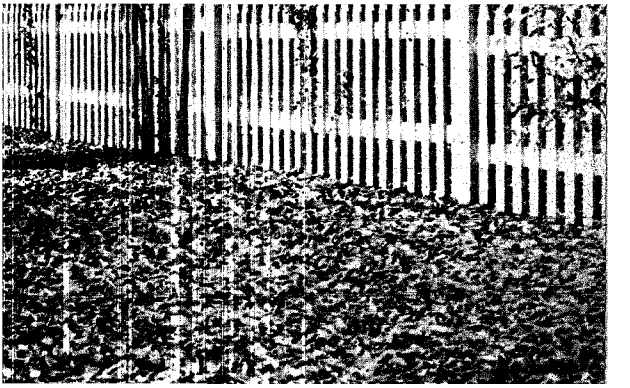

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MARLON BRANDO: Actor on Impulse

by GRADY JOHNSON

Although this unpredictable young man prefers a pet racoon to glamour girls, in Hollywood they call him a genius

NINE YEARS AGO an introverted 19-year-old boy went to New York from the small town of Libertyville, Illinois, with vague notions of becoming an actor and, so the story goes, tipped a bootblack $5 because the poor fellow looked as if he needed it.

This anecdote, duly recorded in the mimeographed studio biography of Marlon Brando, current rage of stage and screen, and duly discredited by the handout-wary Hollywood press, recently has acquired a patina of truth.

The lithe, hawk-nosed youth, alternately looked upon as a genius and a screwball, has given the conversational scavengers of Hollywood and Broadway more fantastic antics to talk about. Without trying.

On location in Texas filming Darryl F. Zanuck's *Viva Zapata!*, Brando treated cast and crew to a series of sights and sounds which made one and all wonder whether normality was necessary or desirable in his profession. Failing to conform to accepted rules of conduct—and seemingly not conscious of his deviations—Brando, off screen, seemed more like a mischievous boy than the darling of the critics.

Despite earnings of $100,000 for making the picture—his third following a phenomenal Broadway career—he arrived in Del Rio, Texas, with a dime, wearing only jeans, sneakers and T-shirt, and carrying fewer clothes—in an oilcloth bag—than any self-respecting tramp in the "jungles" along the Rio Grande.

Whenever he needed a shirt or a pair of formal shoes, he borrowed them from anyone who happened to have his size. He did Yogi exercises on the hotel lawns, practiced running broad jumps into swimming pools. He rode in fast-moving automobiles with his head down to see, he explained, "how traveling looked upside down."

He shot firecrackers in hotel lob-

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bies; played dead after a gun-battle scene, scaring 20th Century-Fox's explosives technician half-witted; staged water fights with crewmen to cool off; took walks between courses of meals; made up stories about eating grasshoppers and gazelle eyes by way of practicing his acting on gullible listeners; and serenaded leading lady Jean Peters from a treetop at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Once, when similar shenanigans were reported in the press, Brando brooded to an aunt: "Makes me look awfully silly, doesn't it?" To which she replied, "Darling, you *are* silly!"

She had in mind the $5 tip to the bootblack and the incident which caused Brando's expulsion from school a few years earlier. He had wired classrooms so that when teachers opened their doors in the morning, powder explosions shook the pictures from the walls. To his everlasting credit, however, the aunt recalled that the senior class petitioned the faculty to reinstate him, although by that time he was in no mood to accept their overtures. The class, like Broadway and Hollywood, apparently had found his prankish, self-effacing personality refreshing and loved him for it.

Snap judgment would say the guy is addicted to squirrel whiskey. Actually, he is a teetotaler. Except for that significant fact—and his seeming unawareness of any departure from normal—he is a junior edition of the late John Barrymore, talent and all.

Yet he is not brash or loud. He is genuinely timid and afraid of meeting people. He will accept invitations rather than hurt hosts, then fret over the obligation. If forced to go to a party, he will excuse himself in five minutes to go home, likely as not to sit there alone. With close friends, he alternately is a serious conversationalist and a practical joker to whom life is a big laugh.

Although Brando has been acting for eight years (and has the stage presence to hold huge audiences in the palm of his hand), a radio microphone will send him into a cold sweat because he knows his diction is faulty. He runs from fans and autograph seekers in a manner reminiscent of his fence-jumping to avoid them in Shubert Alley when he was gaining widespread popularity in New York. Their idolatry embarrasses him.

In Hollywood, the demand for news from film personalities is so acute that the question an actor most often hears is, "What are you going to do next?" To this, Brando invariably replies: "I'm going down in the Ozarks with my pet coon and hide."

The raccoon, named "Russell," is an object of childlike affection. Brando feeds it baby food and nurses it from a bottle. "You know," he says, "a coon is the smartest animal in the world. It'll climb all over you, beg and take things from your pockets."

Russell did more when Brando brought him on the set. He climbed on Miss Peters, tore her clothes, and bit her.

Brando's mother brought Russell to Hollywood for a reunion with the actor when she heard that he had adopted a stray kitten and was feeding it raw eggs and milk on hotel dining-room tables to the dismay of waiters. Russell, it should

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be pointed out, is not a publicity gimmick like the lion on a starlet's leash. Brando loves animals as much as people.

HOLLYWOOD, which is apt to measure a man's worth by the length of his limousine or the width of his swimming pool, can't figure Brando out. He cares little for money, allowing himself only $75 a week to spend while his father invests the balance of his earnings.

Clothes don't interest him. Not only will he borrow other people's shoes, but film wardrobe folk have to watch him closely lest he keep on costumes from his pictures at the end of a day's work. On a short visit to Mexico recently, he wore charro breeches from his picture, blandly explaining that his jeans were being laundered.

Despite his earnings, a 1,000-head cattle ranch in Nebraska, and oil lands in Indiana, Brando says that he isn't happy, that he doesn't know what he wants to do with his life. Hollywood holds no attraction for him. Neither do its glamour girls. He once called them "sticky."

His eccentricities, friends say, stem in part from an obsession to perfect his art—though he denies both the obsession and the art, emphasizing craftsmanship. Studying for his first screen role, as a paraplegic in *The Men*, they say Brando lived in a paraplegic hospital for two weeks, posing as a patient, without the real patients becoming aware of his masquerade.

For *Viva Zapata!* he studied Mexican people for months, and insisted that make-up men flare out his nose with plastic rings placed in his nostrils and glue his eyelids up to a slant, so that he would look more like the Mestizo hero of Mexico's turbulent days of 1910-1919.

When no one is watching him, Brando mumbles and makes faces, presumably rehearsing some bit of business. If the face of a person nearby interests him, he is apt to study it at arm's length without saying a word, watching every movement of eyes, lips, and nose, every mannerism. If he is being rude, he doesn't seem to realize it, so intense is his concentration.

No press agent ever will glamorize him, picture him as anything but what he is—a boy who, friends say, never grew up. He hates publicity, can't understand why people should get excited about him merely because he's an actor, and has no understanding for the type of actor who basks in the publicity limelight. He profanely turned down a request to pose for the cover of a large national magazine, saying "What do I want to do that for?"

He is not married, has few girl friends, dislikes blondes, and is a vagabond at heart.

A studio driver, once trying to give Brando the limousine service accorded top stars, reported that the actor refused to ride with him and insisted on walking from the depot to his hotel, carrying his own bag. "Said he was stiff from riding," the driver said.

Brando is unusually quiet—for an actor. One never is sure he's listening as one talks to him. When he does say something, it is apt as not to be irrelevant, such as, "How fast have you ever ridden in an automobile?" "Did you know a man is in his physical prime at 26?" Brando is 28. At dinner recently,

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fellow diners were commenting on meals they had eaten. "I've eaten grasshopper legs," Brando said. "Once I ate gazelle eyes. In the Belgian Congo. The natives mash them into a paste."

Asked when this happened, he elaborated in fine detail. Five minutes later, after the subject had been dropped, he grinned merrily, eyes downcast, as he sawed on his steak. Asked what was funny, he said, "I made it up. You believed it."

Ask Brando why he does things that others consider odd and he's hurt. He doesn't think them odd at all. Friends reason that his actions spring from a completely uninhibited animal nature, born of Bohemian upbringing.

"The things he does in public are the things which all of us do in private," one said. "It just doesn't occur to Marlon what people will think. Ever spy on someone who didn't know he was being watched? If you have, you've seen Brando. He does natural things automatically. His personality is no pose. He's uninhibited without knowing it."

As for strange behavior, like practicing Yogi and looking at passing scenery upside down, one friend described it as "mental doodling." "Brando wants to know something about everything," he said. "Those little things are an actor's tools."

Far from being a candidate for a psychiatrist's couch, Brando probably is one of the most relaxed humans on earth. He doesn't blow up when he forgets his lines, is slow to anger, and can go to sleep anywhere. It is ironic, friends say, that his very nature, which eschews publicity and attention to himself, defeats his ends.

Some of his colleagues from the Actors Studio in New York claim that Brando is little short of a genius. "His acting in *A Streetcar Named Desire* will tear your heart out. *Viva Zapata!* leaves you breathless," one said. "It's as though the great Mexican were coming alive before your very eyes."

Elia Kazan, who directed him both on Broadway and in films, calls Brando "the greatest young actor in a century."

Hollywood technicians say he has picked up the different screen techniques faster than any stage actor they've known. Explaining his ideas to Broadway actor Lou Gilbert—also in *Viva Zapata!*—Brando summarized close-up technique like this: "The whole screen is your stage. In a close-up your face becomes the entire stage."

Again, when Gilbert had exhausted himself in a long scene, Brando advised: "Save your emotional peak until your face is right in the camera."

Diction is Brando's one big acting fault. His voice is Midwestern, flat. He reads lines in a monotone, and is striving to correct this.

FROM EARLY CHILDHOOD, Marlon Brando has lived anything but a routine life. He spent his first six years in Omaha, where he was born in 1924.

His mother had been an actress with the local Community Playhouse, an experience which undoubtedly led Marlon and his sister Jocelyn to choose the theater as a career. His older sister, Frances, is a painter.

When Marlon was six, the family moved to Evanston, and then to

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Libertyville, Illinois. In his early teens, Marlon was more of a conformist to the Midwestern mores than were his fun-loving parents. He went in for sports at school and was on the track squad. At 15, he got a set of drums with the avowed intention of becoming a swing drummer. Although his parents talked him out of this, he still plays them today, as well as African drums.

Coming from a home which did not operate on strict protocol and discipline, Marlon failed to impress the faculty of Libertyville High School. Expelled because of his fireworks gag, he departed for Shattuck Military Academy in Faribault, Minnesota.

The discipline there was too much for his free soul. He quit and went to work as a tile-fitter's helper. Two months of this and he went to New York, where Jocelyn was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Art and Frances was in art school.

He was 19, and keenly interested in and aware of people and events around him, he recalls. While waiting for the drama school to open for its fall term, he studied people, mimicking accents and gestures until he became expert in Spanish and French intonations and mannerisms —the same kind of absorbed study which today causes people to wonder why he stares at them.

After a year at dramatic school, Brando did a season of stock at Sayville, Long Island. There an agent saw him and got him the role of Nels, one of Mama's sons in *I Remember Mama*.

This was fast progress for a youngster who had started studying only the year before, but his talent was immediately discernible. He went from that into Maxwell Anderson's *Truckline Café*, winning critical salvoes. Three plays later and Brando had the lead in *A Streetcar Named Desire*—and the nation-wide fame he doesn't care a hoot for.

Conventionally Speaking

A LAME DUCK is a politician who is in the process of becoming a cooked goose. —*Re-Saw*

EVERY AMERICAN boy has a chance to be President when he grows up—and that's just one of the risks he has to take. —BOSTON *Globe*

ELECTION YEAR is when a President is picked out; the next four years he is picked on. —*Pathfinder*

A CONVENTION CITY poll-taker approached a harassed-looking woman waiting for a commuter train. "And whom are *you* supporting, madam?" he asked.

The woman snapped: "My husband and three kids!"

—PAUL STEINER

IN NOT A FEW CASES the hat was empty before it was thrown into the political ring. —*Grit*

IT'S QUITE APPROPRIATE to hold political conventions in Chicago—after all, it's the Windy City.

—ARTHUR GODFREY

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Amazing New Way to Avoid Drowning

by E. C. ALBRIGHT

"Waltzing in Water" can save the lives of many swimmers this summer

DURING THE CRUCIAL days of World War II, a U. S. convoy plowed through the choppy waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Suddenly a torpedo struck. There was an ear shattering blast as one ship turned over and sank.

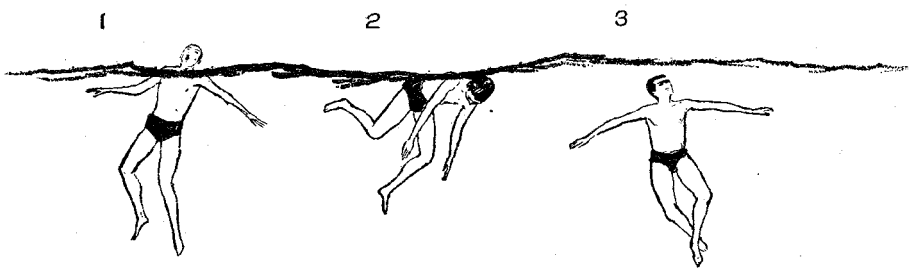
When the seaman regained his senses, he was alone in the water. His arm was broken, his hand fearfully burned. "I haven't a chance in a million," he thought despairingly. Then a lesson learned years before raced through his mind. "It's got to work!" he told himself in sheer desperation.

Slowly his body sank beneath the water. A few seconds later his head bobbed to the surface, remained for a moment and then disappeared again. Hundreds of times, through darkness and light, the grim, determined face reappeared above the waves. Finally, rescuers spotted the head bobbing in the distance and raced to the scene.

When the seaman climbed aboard the rescue ship, American sailors eyed him with astonishment. Seemingly he had enough energy remaining to continue in the water indefinitely. Yet he had already battled the choppy seas for more than five hours!

What was the "miracle" that saved this seaman's life? Just a few minutes' instruction on how to survive in water, taught by Fred R. Lanoue, crack swimming coach at Georgia Tech. This amazing method has saved scores of lives. If adopted generally, Lanoue believes, it could prevent half of the drownings which occur in the U. S. every year!

When Lanoue joined Georgia



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Tech's coaching staff 16 years ago, he questioned the approved methods of staying afloat. Most teachers emphasized that the dog paddle or other swimming strokes should be mastered above everything else.

"That's wrong!" Lanoue concluded. "Those strokes are designed for people who want to go places in water. We need a method to enable people to stay in one place until a rescuing party comes."

He studied the problem scientifically. "If it's a matter of life or death," he argued, "the all-important question is—will you get enough air to stay afloat?"

Tests proved that to remain on the surface of the water, 95 of every 100 persons need merely to breathe air. The other five can remain afloat by employing, in addition, the simplest arm or leg movement. Except in the very roughest seas, the vigorous movements required in "treading water" are a sheer waste of strength.

"Whenever possible, save your energy!" Lanoue decided. "Use it only when necessary to take in more air."

Most swimming experts teach that the head should be kept above water when floating. Lanoue tried the opposite. "Your head from the mouth up weighs 12 pounds," he reasoned. "Floating with the head out of water wastes strength. It's like trying to swim while wearing a 12-pound vest."

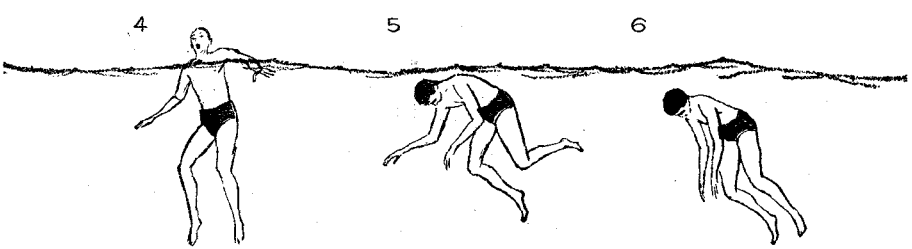
For this reason, Lanoue taught his students to raise their heads only to breathe. Thus, in learning his system, Georgia Tech students spend most of their time resting underwater, almost motionless, and performing this simple routine:

1. Inhale a full breath when your head is above the surface.
2. Float face downward.
3. Exhale through your nose while rising to the surface.
4. Force yourself to the surface by thrusting downward with arms and legs, then take a deep breath.
5. Drop your head forward, and take one stroke underwater.
6. Relax underwater and rest until you need more air, then repeat the process.

After a few minutes of practice, beginners bob up and down in the water with a rhythm like the step, step, slide method of waltzing. Lanoue calls his technique "waltzing in water."

The almost miraculous results achieved with this method astound observers. Often the coach instructs beginners for 30 minutes, and then they jump into the pool. Waltzing in water, these novices have remained afloat as long as eight hours!

In another test, Lanoue tied the



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arms and legs of a skillful swimmer and put him into the pool. Hours later, the swimmer was bobbing up and down, almost as fresh as when he began!

Among the tales of the sea are thousands of cases where life or death depended upon a person's ability to remain afloat for hours. A few years ago, a ship's carpenter fell from the Grace Liner *Santa Clara* in the Caribbean. Shortly afterward, his absence was discovered.

Desperately, the captain turned the ship and headed for the spot where it was believed the man had fallen. Three hours later, the ship came to within 100 yards of the "waltzing" carpenter! When he fell, the crewman realized that he could not swim to the nearest shore, hundreds of miles away. Reasoning that his sole hope lay in the ship's return, he simply waited in the water for his absence to be noticed.

Even a child can learn how to stay afloat. Not long ago, a crippled eight-year-old boy sat in his wheelchair on a New York dock, watching other youngsters at play. Suddenly two racing boys accidentally crashed into the wheelchair and the crippled lad was sent hurtling into the water.

While the frantic boys above raced for help, the crippled boy bobbed up and down like a cork. After 15 minutes, two men arrived and pulled him out. When they discovered that he was unable to move his limbs from the waist down, their eyes bulged. Off that same dock in the past, at least three excellent swimmers had drowned!

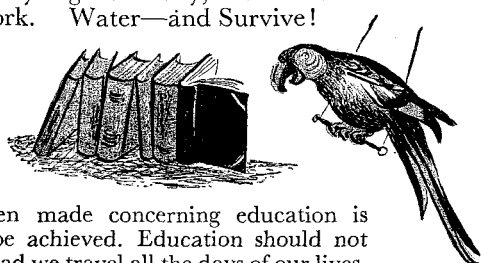
What was the explanation? Instinctively the young boy followed the principles which the experienced swimmers had neglected. Unable to use his legs, he moved his arms only to push himself above water so that he could breathe.

"If you want to come to the surface," Lanoue teaches, "all you need do is to push the water down. Take a breath, then get all the rest that you can."

This simple lesson, if learned carefully and practiced a few minutes, could save countless lives during this swimming season. In most cases, persons in trouble need to keep afloat only a few seconds until help arrives. The Lanoue method is your insurance that you can survive most of the common accidents that befall swimmers.

Old-time physical instructors preached that a person finding himself in deep water had only two choices: Sink or Swim. As a result of his phenomenal record, Lanoue is changing the time-honored slogan. Today, the motto is: Waltz in Water—and Survive!

On Education



THE MISTAKE most often made concerning education is that it is an end to be achieved. Education should not be a destination—but a road we travel all the days of our lives.

—*Ties*

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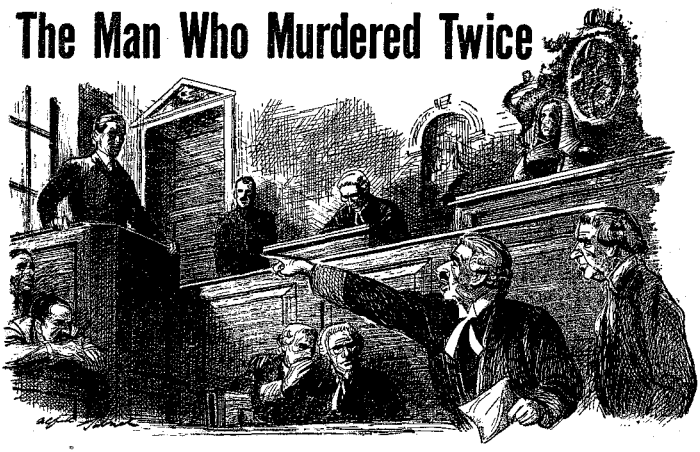
The Man Who Murdered Twice



by JOHN BARKHAM

What strange impulse led him to defy Scotland Yard a second time?

TO STAND TRIAL for murder and escape the executioner is an ordeal to crush the hardiest of men. But to tempt fate with a second murder seems the essence of foolhardiness. Yet Frederick Field, a steel-nerved Englishman, did it with superb nonchalance.

What made Field's case unique in crime annals was the fact that each of his trials owed its existence to *his own confessions.* Without these, he might never have been indicted at all. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that Field actually dared the law to get him, for how else can his first murder be explained?

In October, 1931, the body of young Norah Upchurch was found in the passageway of an empty store in London. The discovery was made by Field, who worked for a signboard firm.

With every sign of shock, Field described to police how he had visited the store the day before to remove a "To Let" sign, and had met a man "in plus fours," who borrowed the keys from him because he had rented the store.

For months Scotland Yard vainly hunted the mysterious man in plus fours. Field himself came under suspicion, but no amount of questioning could shake his icy composure. Finally, after two years of futile investigation, the murder of Norah Upchurch was added to London's list of unsolved crimes.

Field's triumph over the police seemed to worry him. Husky, handsome, smooth-spoken, in July, 1933, he calmly walked into a London newspaper office and said he wanted to confess to the Upchurch murder. He backed his words with a

Adapted from *The Old Bailey and Its Trials*, by Bernard O'Donnell, published by Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

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long statement, in which he described in detail how he had inveigled the girl into the empty store, strangled her, and then stole her pocket book.

On the strength of this confession, Scotland Yard arrested him and duly brought him to trial.

The testimony against him seemed overwhelming. But the self-confessed murderer appeared unperturbed. The spectators in Old Bailey's historic courtroom saw only an alert-looking young man with fair hair and brilliant blue eyes.

It was hard to imagine a more unlikely-looking murderer. But the confession spelled it out unmistakably. "I lost my temper and gripped her round the throat," read the prosecutor to the jury. "She seemed to faint away, and fell back out of my hands. She did not scream or speak. I knew that something was seriously wrong."

The confession even explained why Field had given himself up. "The reason I have come to the police is because I am fed up with my sense of guilt. My wife and child will be better off without me."

It looked like an open-and-shut case. The prosecutor sat down with a confident air.

When Field took the stand, he seemed equally confident. But his testimony rocked the court.

"Did you see Norah Upchurch that night?"

"No."

"Did you kill her?"

"I did not."

Boldly, Field repudiated his confession, sentence by sentence.

"Then why did you make that confession to the newspapers?" demanded the exasperated prosecutor.

"I wanted to prove my innocence," answered Field blandly. "People kept saying I had done it, and I couldn't prove I hadn't. This trial is my way of doing so."

The judge scrutinized him quizzically. "It is a peculiar way of proving your innocence to say you are guilty of murder."

"It was the only way," replied Field promptly. Nor could he be moved from his position. And, since he could not be convicted solely on his discarded confession, the case against him collapsed. Frederick Field smiled cockily and walked out of court a free man.

FIVE YEARS passed before Field dared to defy destiny again. He disappeared from the public eye, and spent most of this time as a mechanic in the Royal Air Force. Had he chosen to keep out of trouble, he might have spent the rest of his life gloating secretly over the way he had cheated the law. But his irrepressible bravado drove him to murder again.

When the second crime came, in April, 1936, it closely paralleled the first. Again the victim was a woman, a middle-aged widow named Beatrice Sutton, who was found dead from suffocation with a pillow over her face in her apartment. Once more the police went looking for an unknown man, and once more they drew a blank.

Even if Scotland Yard had connected Field with the crime (and nothing was further from their minds), they would have been unable to lay hands on him. Field was, in fact, AWOL from the Air Force.

As a deserter, he stayed in and around London, avoiding every-

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body he had known, except for a girl he was infatuated with. But she, ironically enough, no longer wished to see him now that he was being hunted.

In vain she pleaded with Field to give himself up. He refused, and kept coming round after dark. Finally, in desperation, she tipped off the police as to his whereabouts.

Finding himself under arrest once more must have started a familiar train of thought in Field's mind. The detectives imagined they had a deserter. They were flabbergasted when Field boldly volunteered that he had murdered Mrs. Sutton. Moreover, his confession was so crammed with detail that it was clear he spoke the truth.

"I murdered her because I wanted to murder someone," he said. "I thought I would get what dough I could, and do myself in. But when it came to it, I hadn't got the guts."

The second trial followed a now-familiar course. Once more the prosecution presented its case, and once more Field coolly went back on his confession. In his uniform he looked an even more striking figure, but it was not a soldier-like story he told in court.

His hide-out as a deserter, he said to the jury, was a disused closet in the apartment building where Mrs. Sutton lived. By day he went where he wished; at night he crawled into the closet to sleep. Nobody ever bothered him:

On the night of the tragedy, as he was about to enter the closet, he heard a quarrel in the Sutton apartment and saw a man emerge, leaving the door open.

"I thought I would go in and see what was wrong," he went on. "I saw a woman on the bed with a pillow over her face. She was dead. I knew that if I called police, they would only ask what I was doing there."

The defendant paused. "Then it occurred to me," he continued smoothly, "that if I were to take the blame for anything wrong, I could accomplish something I hadn't had the courage to do before—commit suicide."

Why should he want to commit suicide? Because he had quarrelled with his girl friend and felt he did not want to live without her. Thus the hangman would do for him what he did not have the courage to do himself.

The reason sounded far-fetched, but Field offered it in a convincing voice. Under British law the jury could not be told of his earlier battle with justice; but there was one man in court who knew of it. When the prosecutor stood up to cross-examine, Field for the first time seemed less cocksure. By a strange coincidence, the lawyer who faced him was the same he had bested in the first trial.

This time the prosecutor went straight to the flaw in Field's story. "Why, if you wanted to confess to a murder you had not committed, didn't you merely put your head out of the window and call police?"

An obvious question, but one hard to answer. Field thought fast, but when his words came, they came slowly. "At that time," he said, "I had not yet definitely decided to confess to the murder."

The prosecutor pounced on this like a hawk. "If you hadn't decided to confess to the murder, why did you press your hands on her throat,

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as you told us in your confession?"

The man on the stand was ashen now. "I—I merely assumed I'd done that."

"But you assumed it exactly the way the murder was actually done."

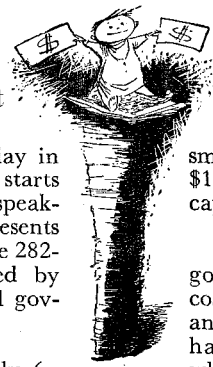
Field knew he was trapped. Gone was his jaunty air, his eager look. When he spoke his voice was barely heard. "It was pure supposition on my part," he said.

"Yet your supposition turns out to have been a fact," the prosecutor insisted.

There was no answer from the man on the witness stand.

This time the jury accepted Field's confession and rejected his testimony. After an absence of 20 minutes, they brought in a verdict of "Guilty," and in due course Field went to his death on the gallows. The man who murdered twice had done it once too often.

Let's Look at the Record



EVERY BABY born today in the United States starts life owing—figuratively speaking—$1,800. That represents its per-capita share of the 282-billion-dollar debt owed by Federal, state and local governments.

$

There are approximately 6,400,000 persons in the United States working for local, state or Federal government. This averages one for every 24 inhabitants of the nation. The pay roll in 1951 rose to 20 billion dollars annually.

$

If everyone working for every manufacturing company in the United States had turned over to the Federal government every dollar received in wages and salaries, the total would have added up to only a little more than the government spent in 1949.

$

In some cases, to furnish one Washington bureaucrat's office requires: desk $298, leather davenport, $242; pedestal table, $233; small table, $88, rotary chair, $104; easy chair, $116 and a capacious $13 wastebasket.

$

The paper work on every government purchase order costs more than $10 in labor and materials. Approximately half the millions of orders which the government issues each year are for less than $10. Thus it often costs the government more than $10 to purchase a 50-cent typewriter ribbon.

$

The amount our Federal government will spend during the fiscal year beginning July 1 represents $70 a minute since the birth of Christ.

$

The average motorist pays 73 cents in taxes every time he buys ten gallons of gasoline.

$

Americans are spending an estimated 20 billion dollars a year on organized gambling, or twice as much as on education.

—E. A. CHAFFEE

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State Parks Offer Bargain Vacations

by REED MILLARD

The whole family can enjoy a camp site for only $5 a week

WE WERE A TYPICAL American family, poring over dazzling travel booklets and brochures in search of the perfect vacation spot. There were plenty of wonderful places. But the truth was that our anemic budget seemed to demand our staying right at home.

"What we need," we said jokingly, "is a *free* vacation."

Amazingly, this turned out to be no joke at all. We found a spot that gave us almost that. Furthermore, it equalled the most glowing travel-folder description—broad white beach, sparkling blue water, forested trails, pine-scented air. We stayed there three wonderful weeks. It cost us, not counting our food, a total of $11.25!

What we had found was the state park—in this case, Wisconsin's Terry Andrae Park on the sandy shores of Lake Michigan. Since then, we've tented and trailered in state parks in many sections of the country, our amazement constantly growing at what seems to us America's greatest recreational opportunity. For marvelous as our national parks may be, they can't compete with state parks in providing easy, incredibly cheap vacations for most families.

Yet the majority of Americans are totally unaware of these vacation wonderlands, available in almost every state: and that they offer everything from free camp sites in which to pitch your tent or park your trailer, to furnished housekeeping cabins and elaborate lodges. Many even have supervised activities like movies, square dancing and nature-study excursions.

Furthermore, you are welcome to use the facilities of the parks in any state. In fact, more than welcome, because all states which have them realize the growing importance of such parks in attracting tourists. In a Michigan park one night, we counted cars from 16 states.

If you haven't discovered how much fun state-park vacationing can

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be, just look at what you're missing:

Like sandy beaches where the swimming is superb? Hundreds of state parks offer everything from quiet wooded lakesides to ocean shorelines where the surf comes rolling in—and most of them protected by lifeguards.

You might pick Muskegon State Park in Michigan, with three miles of golden sand shelving out into the lake so gradually that small children can wade out a hundred feet without getting up to their necks. Towering above the beach are pine-covered sand dunes, and back from them miles of trails wind through the forests that cover the park's 1,357 acres.

Or perhaps you would prefer California's well-named Silver Strand State Park, on Coronado Island near San Diego, with a four-mile stretch of swimming beach on bay and ocean. If you like a peaceful setting, how about New Hampshire's White Lake State Park—another spot with a wonderful beach? Almost every state park boasts some variety of water—river, lake or ocean shoreline—and that, of course, means fishing as well as swimming and boating.

For thrilling mountain camping, there is New Mexico's Hyde State Park, near Santa Fe, where you can set up your camp among the pines 8,000 feet above sea level; or Washington's Mount Spokane State Park, 24,000 acres of it, going right up to the summit with its spectacular views.

If, more than anything else, you want to strike out into some honest-to-goodness wilderness, there are the 42,000 acres of Michigan's Porcupine Mountains State Park. Here, from rugged peaks, you can look out over a solid floor of trees, broken only by glittering streams and lakes. This virgin country looks exactly as it did to the early *voyageurs* three centuries ago.

Many parks are more than a summertime affair, as was proved by a roving photographer and his wife who spent an entire year camping in them. In the winter they went South and basked in Florida sunshine in places like big 26,746-acre Myakka River State Park, a wildlife sanctuary, crisscrossed by rivers and lakes that make it a fisherman's paradise.

A wintertime California vacation can be had at Borrego-Anza Desert State Park, which offers a chance for desert living in a half-million-acre wonderland where the sun beats down nearly every day and temperatures sometimes get into the 90's in midwinter.

STATE PARKS ARE not a money-making proposition. Generally the small fees charged for camping privileges are not enough to cover the expense of operation. In California, Michigan and a majority of states, the standard fee is 50 cents a car per night. Wisconsin charges 25 cents for a tent or trailer, with an extra charge up to 50 cents for electricity, based on the amount you need. Indiana also charges 50 cents a night; 25 cents for electricity.

New Jersey gets $1.25 a night for camp or trailer sites, but this is tops, with the average amount charged throughout the U. S. for use of a camp site, with electricity, estimated at about $5 a week.

There are camp sites all over the U. S. for which you do not pay

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even these small charges—for example, South Dakota's Custer State Park, an ultra-scenic portion of the Black Hills, including Mt. Rushmore and its famed carvings.

Sounds too good to be true? Most people think there is a catch in the fact that enjoying most state parks involves living in a tent. The truth is that living in a tent is more different than it is difficult. In the first place, you're not going to be "living" in a tent; you'll be living outdoors. The tent is primarily a place in which to sleep, dress and bathe, although keeping clean is hardly a problem, what with daily swimming or the shower rooms available in many camps.

Many families choose to use the large tent as parents' quarters, with individual pup tents for the children. We have found that we like two larger tents, with a breezeway of canvas top and mosquito netting sides connecting them. Into it we move a park picnic table (another item you are usually provided) and —presto!—we have a dining room.

The most popular tent with summer campers is the umbrella type which goes up in a hurry and can stand strong winds. You can get a new umbrella tent, size nine-by-nine feet, for as little as $45. Used ones, if you watch the want ads, can be picked up for much less. Also, Army surplus tents provide a lot of room and are generally cheaper than new ones.

Fortunately, there are happy solutions that take the grief out of getting meals. The first is that boon to campers, electricity. In a large number of camps you just "plug in." That means you can cook on electric hot plates. Or better yet, if you are the owner of an electric roaster—or are willing to buy one—your problems are solved. Next best, and for parks where you won't find electric outlets, is the gasoline stove, the kind you pump up to get pressure. You can buy such a two-burner for about $10, and a big three-burner model for $18. The real aristocrats of the state parks are the possessors of house trailers. They range from the so-called chariot type, which opens into a sort of tent, to full-sized land yachts that are quite literally homes on wheels.

Renting trailers is easy in some areas, hard in others. In many cities near state parks, you will see advertisements offering trailers for rent "placed in.....State Park," which means you don't have to haul it there. We found 24-foot trailers in Holland State Park in Michigan for $25 a week.

An increasing number of states are putting up cabins for rent at prices that sound like something from an era when dollars were dollars. Oklahoma's big Lake Murray State Park, with its wooded lake shores, offers housekeeping cabins for two people for as little as $4 a day. In Tennessee's 42,000-acre Natchez Trace State Park, attractive four-person cabins, furnished, are available for $40 a week.

The little detail of laundry, which can be a vacation wrecker for a woman, is handily solved in various ways. Some state parks have laundry rooms with hot water, tubs and in some cases, coin-in-the-slot washing machines. Or, of course, you can always find a self-service laundry in a nearby town.

For many tourists bound on long trips, the state parks have solved

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the problem of low-cost accommodations en route. We pulled our trailer into Nebraska's Fremont State Recreation Grounds on U. S. 30 one night and watched in amazement as a family from Connecticut came in right behind us and in half an hour had set up a tent and were around a camp table eating their evening meal.

"It took us an hour to get it up the first time," they admitted. They had practiced in the backyard at home before starting their trip to California.

"We stay at auto courts every third night or so," their mother explained. "It gives us a chance for a hot bath, and, of course, we don't always hit a park at just the right spot."

They figured that the cost of accommodations on their two-week round trip, not counting the investment in the tent, would be less than $100. With the saving on meals prepared by themselves, they estimated that their food costs would be only about a third more than they would have been at home.

GETTING INFORMATION about state parks is easy. Most road maps today have state parks marked on them, coded to indicate whether or not they provide camping facilities.

If you know definitely just what park interests you and where it is, you can write to the superintendent of that park. He will send you literature and answer any questions.

Many states have regulations limiting the number of days which campers may stay. Wisconsin has none, Michigan's 15-day limit in any one spot is typical. But in the states which do have limits, the rules are generally considered to have been observed if the camper simply moves to another site.

We found a Detroit schoolteacher and his family who had joyously set out to make a circuit of their state. They camped their way up the shores of Lake Huron first, stopping at Bay City State Park on Saginaw Bay, then moving on to Wilderness State Park, then down to Ludington State Park, with a final Lake Michigan stay at Muskegon State Park.

As the summer neared an end, they planned a last stop at Walter J. Hayes State Park in the Irish Hills. What this couple did in their state, can be done within the confines of many others.

That's the wonderful thing about state parks. Even if you can't afford the time or money for a long trip, to some distant spot, the chances are that your own state can give you all the choice you want. Year after year, it's just waiting to stake you and your family to happy and practically free vacations.

Silly Question!

Has anyone ever overestimated the cost of building a house?

—*Grit*

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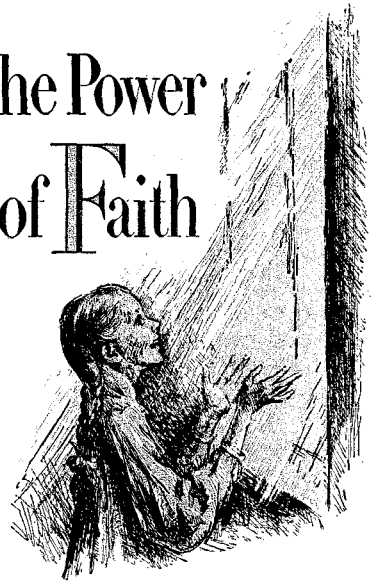
The Power of Faith



by LOUIS BINSTOCK

A LITTLE GIRL living in a village of the Gaspé Peninsula had contracted a rare disease which only rest, time and the will to live could cure. But the child was so enamored of the image of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, which she could see from her window, that she made no effort to recover: Death, she felt, would unite her with her saintly friend.

And so, supremely content with her lot, she turned a deaf ear to the pleas of her parents and neighbors to reach forth and grasp the joy awaiting her cure. She became weaker each day.

The parish priest inquired, "Why do you make no effort to live?"

"I'd rather be with Ste. Anne," the child answered. "If the Saint does not wish me to die, she will give me some sign."

A few nights later the little girl was awakened by the sound of glorious organ music. Peering through her bedroom window, she saw the statue of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in the churchyard, radiantly transfused with a wondrously shining, silvery light.

"That is the sign!" she exclaimed. "The Saint wants me to live."

Immediately the child began to recover. The townspeople became excited. They insisted that a miracle had occurred within their parish. There was talk of reporting the great event to the Pope.

The young priest called the parishioners together and told them the truth. The organist, knowing the story of the child's will to die unless she received a sign from her Saint, and remembering how the full moon always bathed Ste. Anne's statue with a beautiful glow, had slipped into the church to play the organ at the right moment and had awakened the child. He had designed and arranged the awaited "sign."

There were rumblings of resentment. The parishioners refused to give up their miracle. The priest raised his hand: "I know how you feel. But some day you will understand that you have beheld a far greater miracle than the one that this little girl revealed to you. The Church is not interested in minor miracles—miracles which can be performed by any magician. It is the major miracles of life that have real meaning and value. Unknowingly, you have here witnessed the greatest miracle in the world."

"What is that, Father?" they asked.

"The miracle of the power of faith," he replied.

From *The Power of Faith*, by Louis Binstock. Copyright, 1952, and published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., 70 Fifth Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

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Our Human

CASEY STENGEL stuck his head out of the moving bus and looked about him with excited interest. A howling, shouting crowd of Mexicans lined both sides of the road, waving their arms frantically and throwing roses at the bus that was carrying Manager Stengel and his Boston Braves to Monterrey for an exhibition game. Stengel pulled in his head and turned to his coach.

"What suckers we were!" moaned Casey. "We could have got twice as much money as we asked for to play down here. Listen to 'em! There'll be a million fans in the ball park."

Just then the bus pulled up in front of the hotel, and a handsome Mexican stepped in. "Senor Stengel," he said politely, "I am assigned to be your guide while you are here in Monterrey."

"Ah, good!" said the gratified Stengel. "And say, isn't this excitement wonderful? I didn't know you people were so crazy about baseball. Look at the reception they're giving us!"

"Oh," said the Mexican guide, embarrassed, "it is not the players that they are cheering so. Alas, no."

"No?" asked Casey in surprise. "But they're yelling about something. What is it?"

The Mexican shyly dropped his eyes. "Senor," he said softly, "it is the manner of your arrival that has so moved my people. This is the first time they see a Greyhound bus!" —MAC DAVIS *Great American Sports Humor* (Dial)

PETER VIERTEL worked with John Huston on the screenplay for "African Queen," the Bogart-Hepburn movie made in the African jungle. A few days after the troupe arrived, director Huston, Viertel and producer S. P. Eagle hired a native to take them for a canoe ride on the Congo. An hour after they started, they heard jungle drums beating. All along the route, at frequent intervals, they heard these jungle drums, signaling.

"What are they saying?" Huston asked the native fearfully.

The native listened to the drums and translated: "Drums say, 'Three Americans. Very Rich. Raise Prices.' " —LEONARD LYONS

THERE ARE TWO towns in Iowa named Manly and Fertile. It gets real embarrassing to the society page scribes when a Manly man marries a Fertile woman.

—MIKE CONNOLLY (*Hollywood Reporter*)

A SEXTON INVENTED an ingenious machine for cutting cabbage. His friends advised him to exhibit it at the county agricultural show, where prizes were awarded for labor-saving gadgets that would be of use in farm work.

On his return he found his friends had assembled to meet him, for they had already heard he had won a prize. Sure enough he was carrying a loving cup.

"That's powerful!" said a neighbor, slapping him on the back. "What prize did ye get?"

"Second prize," said the sexton.

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COMEDY

"Second!" exclaimed the neighbor. "Why didn't they give ye first prize?"

"Well," said the sexton, "'twas like this: the judges told me that next to a knife, they had never seen anything better for cuttin' cabbage."

—*Irish Catholic*

A POLITICAL BOSS, out to get a line on the sentiment in his district, stopped to speak to an old codger sitting in a chair tilted back against a building. "What do you think of the Presidential election this year?" he asked.

"Don't know," was the reply.

"What about Eisenhower?"

"Don't know."

"Think Kefauver has a good chance?"

"Don't know."

Exasperated, the inquirer snapped, "Well, have you any opinion as to who has put on the best show?"

The old fellow looked thoughtful, then said: "Oh, I guess Ringling Brothers has." —FRANCES RODMAN

BEING A "woman driver," it may seem odd that I should deride my own sex, but my recent experience with "one of my own" only tends to increase my sympathy for the poor men drivers, and I can well understand their complaint.

I was waiting for the light to change when a woman backed out of a parking place and her bumper went sc-r-ratch against my back fender. She shifted into first and drew alongside my car and her bumper went sc-r-ratch against my front fender. She rolled her window down and rasped at me—"Why don't you look where you are going —you're the third car I've hit today!" —SOPHIE KROL, *Victorian Magazine*

A RUSSIAN ABOUT to be sentenced to Siberia had this to say to the court: "If the United States is such a terrible place, why not send me there instead of sending me to Siberia?" —BOSTON *Globe*

AN ENTERPRISING sailor offered to smuggle a young woman to Hawaii and hid her in a lifeboat. After several days and nights had passed, with the sailor spending all his spare time with the girl, she began to worry why they didn't arrive at their destination.

Finally, she went to the captain of the boat, confessed and told him the whole story. Then she asked: "When will we get to Honolulu?"

"Lady," the captain said, "this is the Seattle-Bremerton Ferry."

—B. H. MCPHERSON

A GROUP OF FOREIGN students, studying English at one of our universities, was urged never to allow an opportunity to pass without using their newly acquired language. One of the most eager of them, a Viennese librarian, remarked to her gentleman escort as they were walking toward the Commons:

"I can't keep up with you, although I am the fastest woman in town!" —*Wall Street Journal*

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Mary Roberts Rinehart:

Queen of Best-Sellers

by CAROL HUGHES

In her true story is more romance and suspense than anything she ever put in a book

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, America's foremost writer of mystery novels, has strewn enough corpses around in the past 45 years to figuratively fill the morgues of New York City. She has made the American best-seller lists more often and more consistently than any living detective story author: she has written some dramatic, some surprising, some startling books. But none is as filled with drama, tragedy, romance and suspense as the personal life of this gently-bred lady herself.

Her mystery novels, introducing well-mannered characters against a backdrop of culture and elegance, with butlers and maids discreetly in the wings, raised the once surreptitiously-read detective story to the prestige of Presidential libraries. Yet though she has made $10,000,000 with her pen and become a legend in her own time, she has known the most heartbreaking poverty as well.

Operation after operation kept her moving in and out of hospitals until she had had 18—four of them major ones. The most serious operation was for the dread disease of *cancer*. Always about her seemed to hover an aura of sudden death. Yet through it all this gallant lady walked with valiant heart and undaunted spirit.

However, her own invincible gentility, and that of her characters, was no accident. Her mother's consecration to propriety became so ingrained in Mary as a small child that she never deviated from the strict code set for her.

Born in Pittsburgh in 1876, daughter of Thomas Beveridge Roberts, a financially unsuccessful inventor, Mary Roberts was destined to learn of life's tribulations early and at firsthand. While fortune eluded her father, her proud mother, the former Cornelia Gilleland, knew the "horror" of taking in roomers. But she treated them as if they were non-existent, regularly advising her daughters, Mary, and the younger Olive: "One must never outwardly fall from one's high estate, whatever the cost inside."

Of this period, Mary was to say later in *My Story* that nothing compared to "that agonizing strain to

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keep up genteel appearances . . . . anxiety about gas bills, the question of clothes and shoes and rent. Above all, the necessity of concealing from friends and neighbors the fact that anything was wrong."

There was plenty wrong. Her aristocratic but dreamy father "went on the road" as a salesman of insurance, wallpaper, cash registers; but due to his inner terror of trying to sell anyone anything, the family finances languished to such an extent that the grandmother had to help out by taking in sewing.

WHEN MARY ROBERTS finished high school, she began looking for a job. Her heart had been set upon becoming a doctor, but since she was too young to be admitted to medical school, she hit upon the idea of becoming a nurse. She knew there would be bitter opposition from her mother.

And she was right. Her mother was horrified. She never relented, never became reconciled. In fact, the first time that she saw Mary in uniform, she wept.

Nevertheless, Mary went to consult the elderly family doctor about this great new step in her life. But fate had other plans for her that day.

A pretty girl, five feet three inches tall, thin but strong, with nice eyes and hair, she had dressed in the most elegant costume she possessed. To her surprise, when she was ushered into the doctor's office, she was greeted by a young man with dark hair, flashing black eyes behind glasses, and a stern visage. Her own doctor was on vacation.

When she calmly announced the reason for her visit and asked for advice, he looked in astonishment at the pretty young thing in pink and white dimity. He smiled somewhat grimly as he informed her: "Nursing is not smoothing pillows, stroking foreheads and playing Florence Nightingale."

His name, later to be hers, was Dr. Stanley Marshall Rinehart.

In August, 1893, six days after her 17th birthday, Mary Roberts entered a "world so strange, so new and at times so terrible that it hurts me now to remember it." Two weeks later, as a probationer, she was scrubbing the surgery floor and working 12 hours a day—with all other hours "subject to call."

But when the dubious young Dr. Rinehart came through the hospital and found her on her knees scrubbing floors, his admiration more than compensated. Their surreptitious romance, since nurse-doctor dating was forbidden, developed quickly and to the point where Dr. Rinehart came before the board to announce in no uncertain terms that he was marrying Mary.

While Mary was earning her nursing diploma, a series of personal disasters occurred that would have shattered the nerves of a less stalwart young woman. The beloved grandmother who had worked with such pride to help tide the family through, caught her long dress on the top of a stairway and plunged to her death.

Then, just prior to her wedding in 1896, her father, alone in a hotel room in Buffalo, put a bullet through his head.

But soon, the personal life of Mary Roberts moved into happier and more prosperous days. Her wedding was a large social affair. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, the

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Rineharts settled in the big brick house on the corner, and Mary became both housewife and nurse to her husband's practice.

The children came quickly—Stanley, Jr., Alan and Ted. And the doctor's practice was so successful that there was even a surplus to invest in stocks.

The almost constant disasters, however, never seemed to let up. Mary underwent four operations, and her mother became paralyzed.

Mary's great literary talent, slumbering so peacefully, might never have been born had disaster not continued to stalk her. In 1903, she and Dr. Rinehart went to New York for a holiday. On the third day of their visit, they stood in the gallery of the Stock Exchange, looking down in puzzlement at a panicky, milling crowd. When they walked out three hours later, their investments had been wiped out, and they faced a $12,000 debt.

Mary Roberts Rinehart went home, her world badly shaken. At first, she tried to mend the family fortunes by household economy, but she knew it was a losing fight. It was then that she decided with grim determination to write—since whatever financial aid she gave must be done in the home.

She had written a few things for the high-school paper, and sold two poems. But now, in spite of her drama-packed life, she found it difficult to find something to write about. She couldn't contrive a single plot that satisfied her, until one day her husband came home and told her about a patient with a then strange malady. The man had quickly jumped to catch a falling lamp, bumped his head and promptly forgotten everything in his past.

So little was known about amnesia in 1907 that it was the first case Mary or her husband had ever encountered. That night she wrote her first story, and next day sent it to *Munsey's Magazine.*

"True to the odd combination of private anxiety and public career which had been my life," she says, "I was attending a member of my husband's family dying of septicaemia following childbirth. The patient was low. The room dark. My husband tiptoed in. He handed me a letter from Bob Davis at *Munsey's.* Inside was a check for $34—and a request for more stories. My almost-not career had begun."

That career was to be quite a thing. This Pittsburgh housewife, writing between feeding baby his bottle and doing nursing chores for her husband, began turning out short stories, then full-length mysteries. One of the latter, *The Circular Staircase*, due to her ignorance in such matters, was published as a magazine serial and then lay gathering dust for two years.

It was Uncle John who told her one day: "Mary, that's a book!"

"But Uncle John, books are for writers!" she exclaimed.

Nevertheless, she sent it off to Hewitt Howland. He enthusiastically wrote back that he would "publish it at no cost to her" and said he was coming for a visit to discuss more books.

From the day *The Circular Staircase* was published, with another book finished and more and more flowing from her pen (and she always uses a pen, writing everything in long hand), the Rinehart household knew amazing prosperity.

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After becoming a book, *Staircase* was adapted into one of Broadway's most successful plays, *The Bat*, which earned the fabulous sum of $9,000,000. Later, it became a very successful movie.

Mrs. Rinehart's first mystery novels were startling innovations in 1908. Prior to her advent, detective stories were composed chiefly of violence, cops-and-robbers, and a dead body on almost every other page. Prim, precise, well-bred Mary, hating the title "detective story writer," insists: "I have never written a detective story in my life. I have written mystery novels . . ."

Having found her formula successful, she seldom deviated from her cultured people, refined background and impeccable behavior, plus a good love story interwoven with the deadly goings on. Even her murderer moves among these nice people as though he belonged.

Rinehart devotees, and they rank in the millions, need no reminders of her most famous books. *The Circular Staircase* sold 900,000 copies, and as *The Bat* was translated into seven languages and played to 11,000,000 people. *The Man in Lower Ten* ran *Staircase* a close race and is still going strong in pocket-size editions. Her best-known non-mystery novels are *K*, the story of a nurse; *The Breaking Point*; *When a Man Marries*, later made into a successful farce called *Seven Days;* and *The State Versus Elinor Norton*.

A little bewildered but triumphant, for both wealth and fame were hers within five short years, she found herself caught up in the turmoil of being a "name." After her initial reluctance, she found herself being entertained by David Belasco, Billie Burke, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Maxine Elliot, with offers to do Broadway plays and write for the movies.

With at least a book a year, several short stories and a name that now commanded attention and cash, Mary was able to indulge herself and her family. She was a beautiful woman; she loved exquisite things; she craved luxury. She bought them: a $90,000 mansion in Sewickley, an exclusive Pittsburgh suburb; a new car whenever she finished a book; a ranch in Wyoming; a collection of fine art; a yacht.

THE POINT CAME, however, when she realized that time must be used wisely if the luxury and grandeur were to continue. Lack of system was the greatest thief of time, decided Mary Roberts, so she set up a strict schedule. Family duties, planning the running of the house, must be out of the way by 10 o'clock. Then she sat down at her desk and automatically began to write. She kept to this schedule for five to eight hours, daily.

There have, however, been several interruptions through the years. The first big one came with World War I when *The Saturday Evening Post* sent her abroad as an Allied correspondent.

After the war, the Rinehart family lived in Washington, D.C. for thirteen years, where Mrs. Rinehart became an intimate friend of almost every President from Teddy Roosevelt to FDR.

"Teddy Roosevelt," she says, "read everything I ever wrote."

Dr. Rinehart died in 1932, and three years later the family moved to New York. Since then Mary has

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been living alone in her Park Avenue apartment. Two of her sons now run Rinehart & Company, a publishing firm, which could do quite well if Mrs. Rinehart were almost its sole contributor. Her other son, Alan, is engaged in his own writing career.

Of the two most dramatic occurrences of her life, she thinks the first was the cancer operation she underwent in 1936. Thanks to fine medical care and a stout heart, her recovery was complete. She considers this an experience which can be of real service to other women, since the taboos that so long surrounded even the mention of cancer kept many from an early diagnosis and a quick operation.

In an article about her bout with cancer, the brave words are quoted: "If it is disgraceful to have cancer, I am thoroughly disgraced."

The near climax to some 40 years of writing whodunits found Mary completely unprepared when she came face to face with murder-bent reality. Five years ago she was in her Bar Harbor library when Blas Reyes, for 25 years her trusted Filipino chef, burst into the room minus his coat—an unheard-of-event.

Her rebuke: "Where is your coat?" apparently provided the spark that set off fireworks in the demented mind of the servant.

"Here it is!" he cried, and whipped a revolver from his pocket. Leveling it at the authoress' head, he pulled the trigger.

The gun clicked harmlessly. Mrs. Rinehart screamed and ran for the telephone. The gun missed fire again as the chauffeur and a maid dashed to her aid and wrested it from his hand.

"He must have thought I lived my books," she says wryly.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has lived a life full of hardship and drudgery, of drama, tragedy and fabulous success that can truly be called "stranger than fiction." Regarded today as a kind of American Institution, she has written over 60 books, seven plays and innumerable short stories and articles. On Dr. Irving Harlow Hart's honor roll of the 100 leading authors of best-sellers over a period of 50 years, the indefatigable Rinehart name leads all the rest, with the American Winston Churchill and Booth Tarkington second and third.

Last January her latest book, *The Swimming Pool*, a mystery novel, was released. Today, at 76, she is off again on another, still adhering to her strict schedule and still finding life completely satisfying.

Well?

AS A MARRIED COUPLE reminisced, the husband remarked, "By the way, I wonder whatever became of the old-fashioned girls who fainted when a man kissed them?"

His wife gave him a withering look. "What I'd like to know," she retorted, "is what happened to the old-fashioned men who made them faint!"

—*Future*

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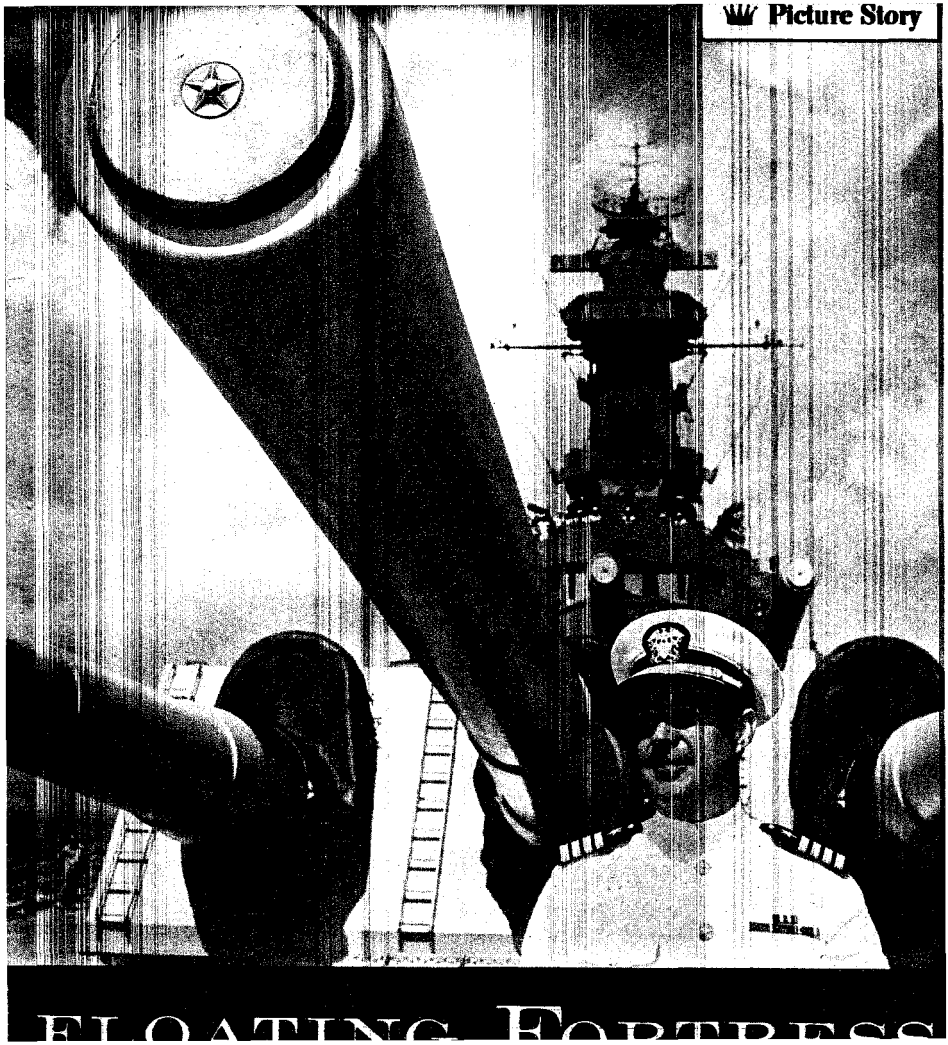

FLOATING FORTRESS

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. . while topside, a junior officer "shoots the sun" with a sextant. t his shoulder, a seaman records the observations that will maintain is tremendous ship on her course with uncanny accuracy.

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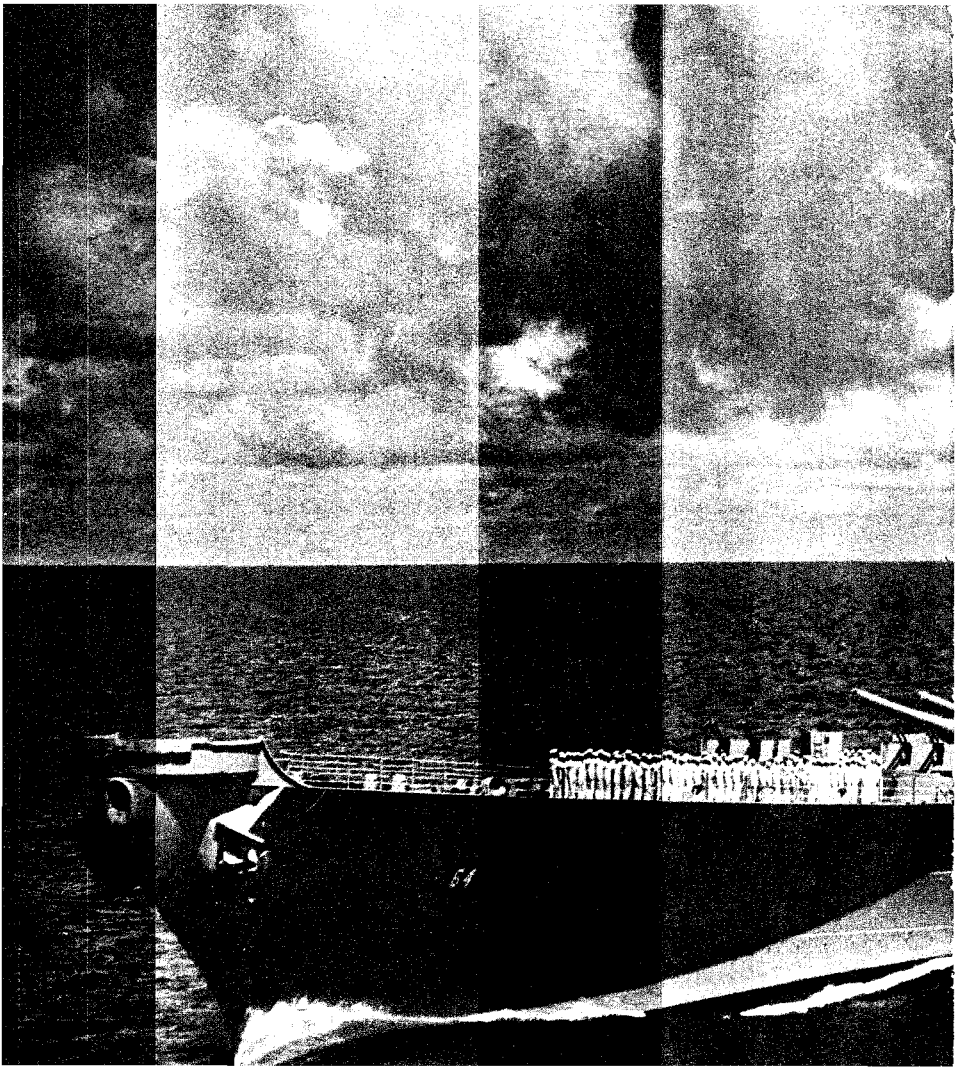

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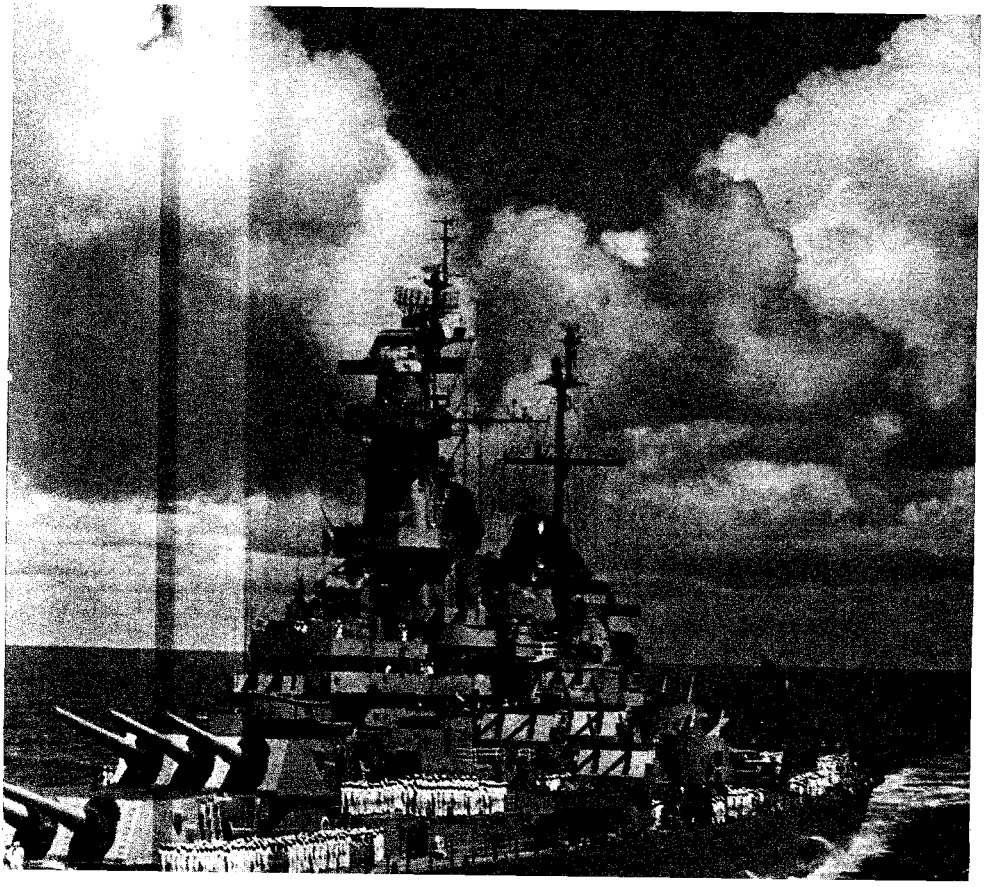

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No visitor from Mars, this sailor learns to move about in an asbestos suit, indispensable for fire fighting and damage control, and part of the gear that contributes to the ship's safety, speed, and firepower

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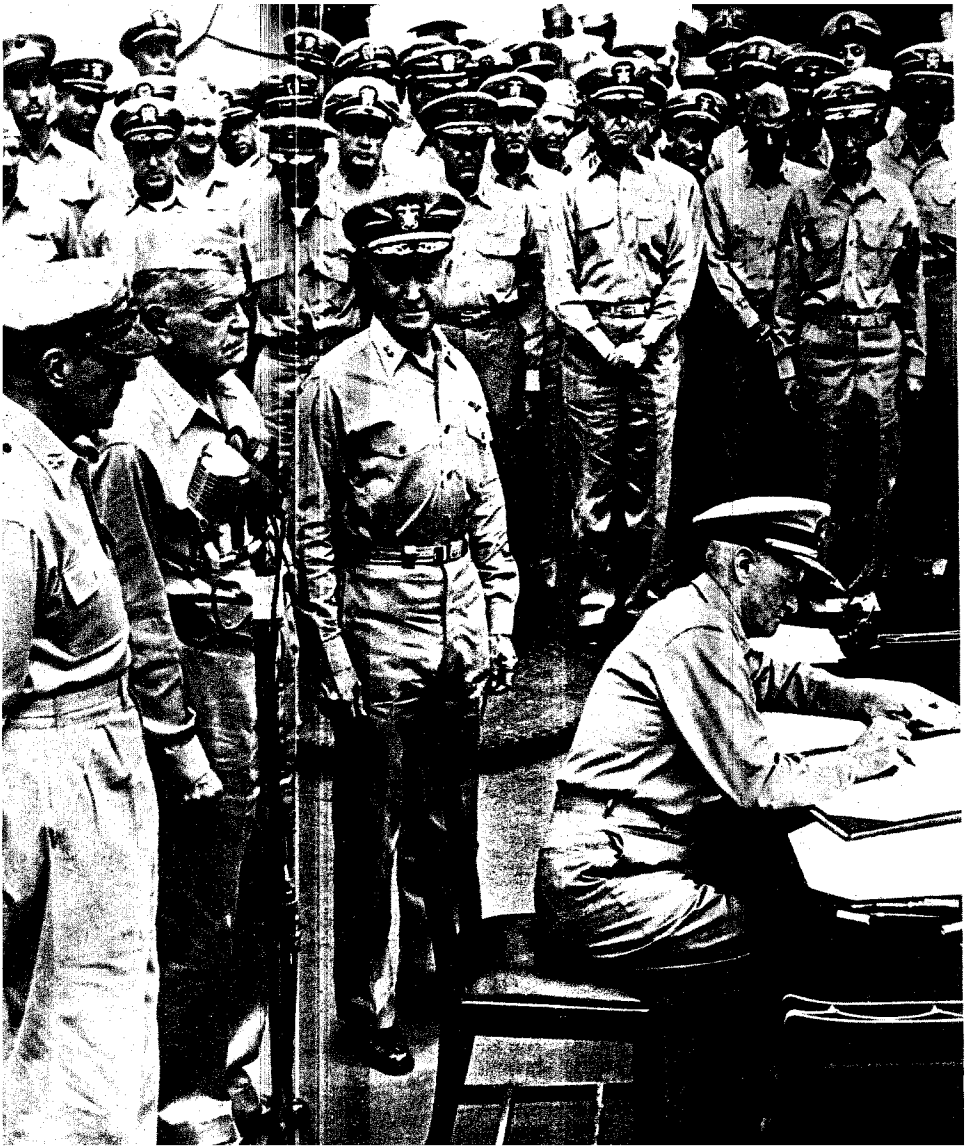

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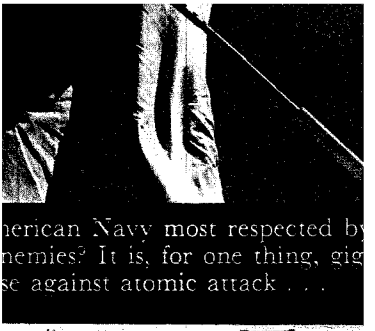
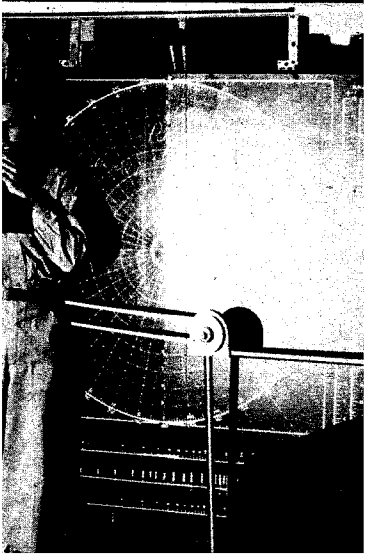


nerican Navy most respected by
nemies? It is, for one thing, gig
se against atomic attack . . .



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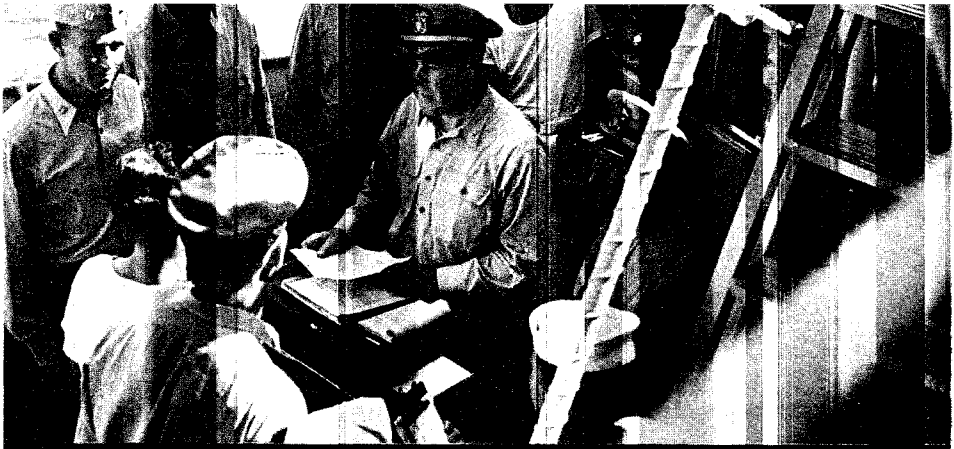
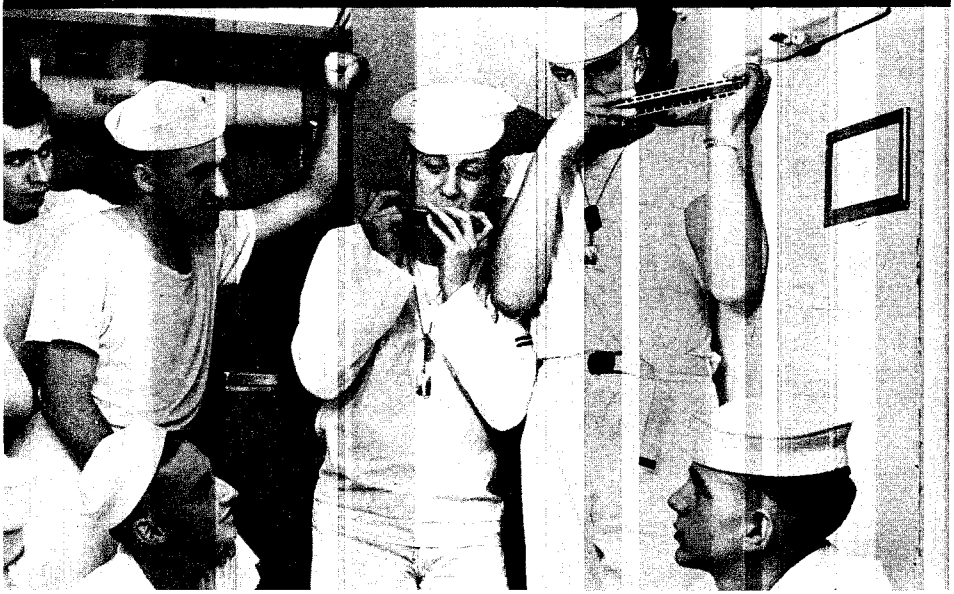


It is a measure of discipline and reward that converts man and machine into a smoothly functioning weapon. At "Captain's Mast," a sailor may be punished or commended, but he won't forget the experience.



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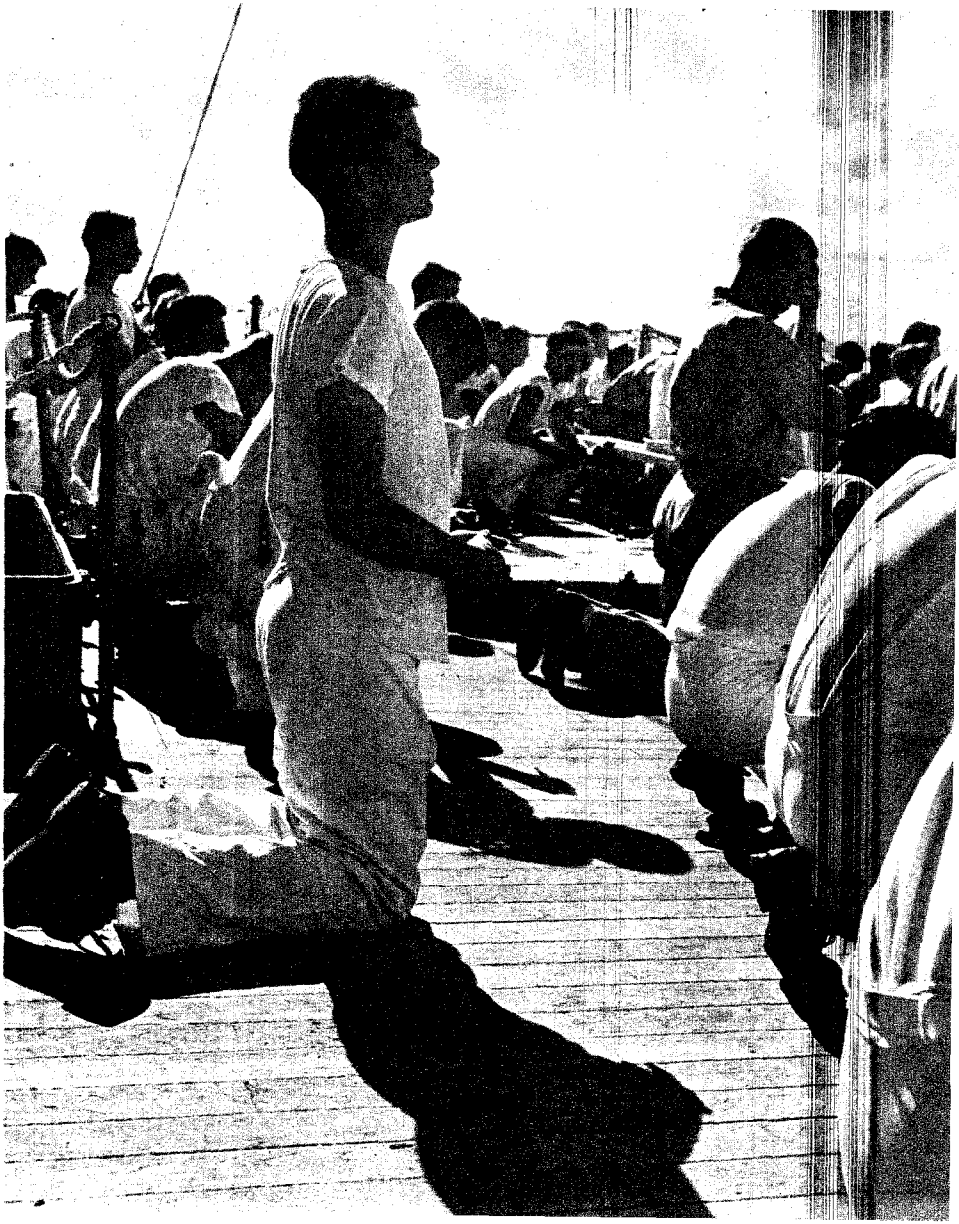

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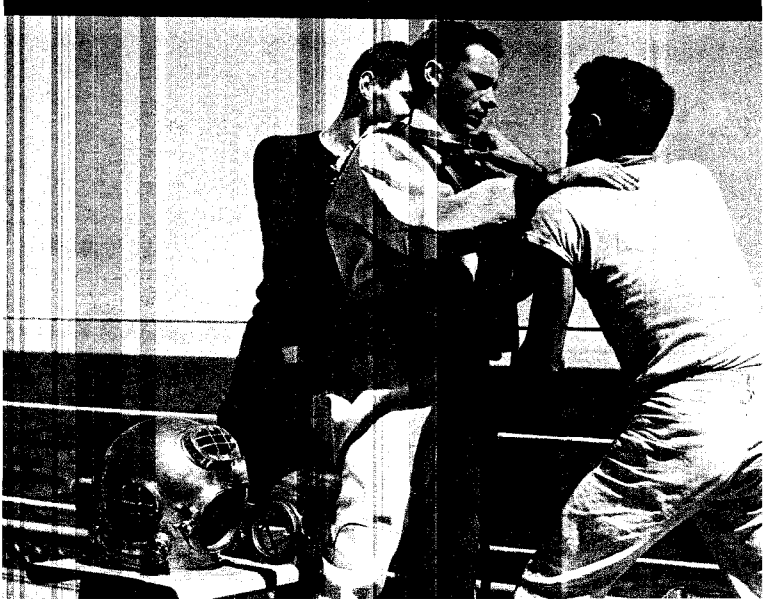
All these things—and more—go into a fighting ship. A
self-contained city. The damage-control crew can, if the
fire hose far below the waterline to the ship's double



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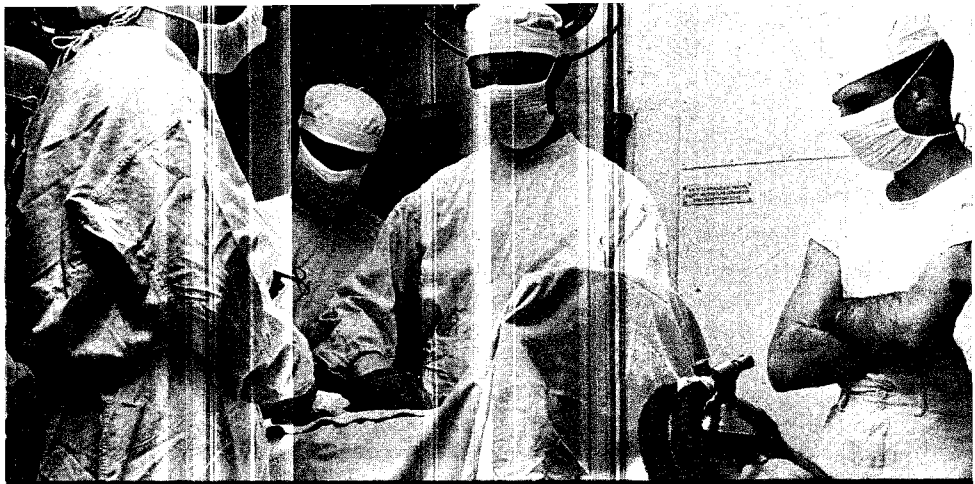

In the air-conditioned sick bay, doctors and Corpsmen cope with all kinds of medical problems. Here, they can perform major surgery with patient's chances equal to those he would have in a hospital ashore.

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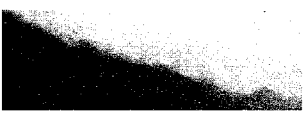

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to the Korean Reds. But to its men—and their Captain—a battleship is an integral part of America, made up of different people from different places, each dedicated to noble and historic traditions of the sea.

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PRESIDENTIAL...OR NOT?

James Melton, singing star of the "Ford Festival" (NBC-TV), is this month's quizmaster. He has gathered 20 Presidential Curios. He wants to know which are genuine and which are fake. If you get 18-20 right, your history is excellent; 15-18 correct, you are a fair student; less than that means you need more studying. (Answers on page 142.)

1. A button from a British uniform worn by George Washington.
2. A stamp commemorating the 100th birthday of John Adams.
3. The fountain pen with which Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the Atlantic Charter.
4. A personal letter from the King of Siam to Abraham Lincoln, offering elephants as Civil War aid.
5. A newspaper clipping announcing the simultaneous deaths of two former Presidents.
6. The marriage certificate of John Buchanan.
7. A one-dollar gold piece depicting James A. Garfield.
8. A photograph of Lincoln as postmaster in New Salem, Illinois.
9. A letter from a President to his father, a former President.
10. The two bullets which killed President McKinley.
11. The skin of a tiger shot by Theodore Roosevelt during a hunting trip to Africa.
12. An x-ray of William Howard Taft's hand.
13. A black broadcloth coat made by Andrew Johnson.
14. A score sheet dedicated by Felix Mendelssohn to the violinist, President Thomas Jefferson.
15. A congratulatory wire sent to Andrew Jackson by an Army friend on his re-election.
16. A newspaper front page dated Wednesday, November 3, 1948, headlining the defeat of Harry S. Truman.
17. An autographed photograph dedicated to "My favorite nephew, Franklin Delano," by President Theodore Roosevelt.
18. Cleveland's personal thank-you note to the Mayor for having named the city of Cleveland after him.
19. Rhymed advice from former President William H. Harrison to his grandson, Benjamin Harrison, on how to campaign for the Presidency.
20. The check made out to Theodore Roosevelt for the Nobel Peace Prize.

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Pilot Light for Boys' Prisons

by JAMES PATRICK

In an old CCC camp in Virginia, defiant young lawbreakers become good citizens

THE CAR SWUNG onto the fan-shaped gravel driveway. Three grim-lipped teen-age boys got out with the driver and stood in a sullen knot in front of a neat white building. From its sides, a whitewashed rail fence ran along the quiet country road. Beyond lay an attractive small village, backed by the misty peaks of mountains.

"Well, boys, here we are," the driver smiled. "This is the administration building. But before we get you settled, I'll take you over to get acquainted with some of the other fellows. I think you'll like them."

Apparently casual, he watched the three new arrivals closely as they walked along the path while he pointed out the mess hall, the library, the giant new gymnasium nearing completion, the baseball field. At the barracks door, their guide stopped.

"This is the main barracks," he explained. "There's a smaller one down the way—the honor barracks. I imagine you'll be down there before long. Meanwhile, some of the lads here will help you get acquainted with camp."

Instinctively, the newcomers' hands doubled into fists. They knew that they would have to fight their way in. That was the code everywhere. Then an unbelievable thing happened. Inside, a chorus of voices greeted them and a dozen boys left mops and cans of wax to crowd around and shake hands in welcome. The stiff set of the newcomers' shoulders melted a little. They were being greeted as friends!

When the driver was out of earshot, the toughest-looking of the arrivals, a six-footer from Wisconsin, demanded suspiciously, "Say, what goes on here?"

"Nothing, chum. Take it easy," someone answered. "You're at Natural Bridge Camp. Things work different here, that's all."

It was an accurate summation, considering that the friendly driver

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of the car was a Federal officer with the Department of Justice, that the three newcomers and the boys who had welcomed them were all convicted Federal offenders, and that the camp was a key institution in the Federal Prison System.

NATURAL BRIDGE CAMP, one of the youngest of 28 institutions maintained by the Bureau of Prisons, and the only such Federal juvenile institution in the nation, was established in the summer of 1944. Launched as an experiment based on the growing belief that juvenile delinquency need not lead inevitably to a life of adult crime, it has been upsetting correctional applecarts ever since. Today, nothing about the camp is typical.

First of all, the physical setup is most unprisonlike. The site, a former CCC camp in the heart of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains on the edge of the Jefferson National Forest, is a natural wonderland. There are no walls, no bars on the windows, no patroling guards, no uniforms, not even a sign on the gate to brand it as a penal institution. Doors are never locked, even at night. The officers, known as counselors, never carry firearms. You would search hard to find a pair of handcuffs on the property, and such words as "cell," "solitary confinement," or "inmate" simply do not exist.

The impact of this amazing institution on new boys, most of whom have come through the mill of traditional reform schools and detention homes, is a powerful prelude to what follows. In the first ten minutes they are left floundering on the wreckage of their grim "going-to-a-Federal-clink" expectations. And while most are too confused to realize it, their open-mouthed incredulity is step No. 1 in the process that aims to deflect them from the road of criminality to that of responsible citizenship.

To accomplish this, the Department of Justice decided that a close relationship between staff and boys was essential, and the camp is therefore limited to an ever-changing population of about 70 youths between 15 and 18. With a staff of 22, every boy is assured individual treatment.

To foster group cooperation and loyalty, and enhance the counselors' understanding of individual personalities, the boys are organized into teams of eight or nine, each with a leader and each under full-time charge of a counselor.

The CCC site was chosen because it offered a healthy out-of-doors environment, and because of its rundown condition. "A situation of struggle and adventure was instantly touched off," E. H. Osborne, the quiet-voiced, patient director of the camp explains. "When we came we needed a water system, plumbing, foundations, a central heating system, endless painting. It has been a constant challenge to boys and counselors alike, and the pride of accomplishment that evolves from working toward a shared goal has proved vital to our aims."

Take the gymnasium, for instance, containing 14,500 cinder blocks, every one manufactured and laid by the boys themselves. Hard work? Yes—but consider what it did for Nick. A tough auto thief from Brooklyn, Nick had never held a tool in his life, had admit-

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tedly never done an honest day's work either. Assigned to laying cinder blocks, he reluctantly put down 50 or so a day.

A wise counselor innocently started a block-laying race between Nick and a Louisiana lad. Result: within two weeks, Nick was skillfully laying 219 blocks a day. Today he is happily adjusted, and has successfully completed his parole. Occupation? Cinder-block layer, of course.

Most youngsters arrive with a chip of years' standing on their shoulders. They are mad at themselves and mad at the world. They feel unwanted and defiant. They can be *told* little—but they can be *shown*. A boy's counselor is his boss, friend and oracle. The youngster knows he will never lie or break a promise. Better, he is accessible at any hour.

"We try to discuss problems when they arise," says W. M. Whitman, the camp's administrative head. "A boy with an impulse to talk might lose it if he had to wait for a formal hearing. Our counselors get in some of their most telling work in those off-guard moments when a youngster has to pour out his heart to someone."

Perhaps the most convincing proof of the counselors' success lies in the mailbag. Every day letters arrive from all over the country—some from boys who left camp several years ago and have written regularly ever since. In one instance, "Uncle Bill" Masimer told me, a boy wrote to say he was happily married and had a son.

Masimer promptly sent congratulations and a small gift for the baby. They continued to exchange letters and finally Masimer wrote that his wife, too, had had a baby—their fourth. Next week end an exhausted young man climbed off a bus at the camp gates. He had ridden all night to present a baby blanket as a gift for his former counselor's wife.

"When something like that happens," Masimer grins, "it makes all the disappointments and heartaches seem worth while."

Experience has proved that a full day's activities are essential to the camp's success. Up at 6, the boys are at work by 7—either within the camp or on the outside. The constructive aspects of the work they do is carefully pointed out. Maintaining and improving the camp, clearing bad wood out of state forests and bank stabilization work on highways predominate. An incentive-stimulating system of awards has been worked out to give added meaning to a task well done.

Work stops at 4 P.M., and after an early dinner the whole camp turns out for sports. Significantly, the sports program has unlocked many a stubborn shell. One boy, who had never thrown a baseball in his life, made the vital "change-over" the day he won the privilege of wearing a baseball suit and playing on the first team.

"I didn't know what a thrill it is to win a game clean and square," he declared. "I'm going back to school and try for the team there."

Weekday evenings, with the exception of Wednesday's group discussion and entertainment, classes are held. Boys below the required Grade Five level must pass an Elementary Review course before being allowed to go on to the 22 vocational courses, ranging from citi-

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zenship and government to plumbing and arc welding. Most in demand are auto mechanics and woodworking courses.

Is the experiment of a "prison without bars" a success? The Department of Justice feels that it is. Not every boy who is sent to camp is going to stay out of trouble on his release, but the percentage is encouragingly higher than that of any other system yet devised.

The problem of runaways alone is illuminating. In the early days, quite a few boys decided to "go over the hill." The number, however, has steadily decreased. The camp now says with confidence: "If we can hold them the first month, they stay."

Also, camp officials know that many boys, on the brink of running away, have been convinced to stick it out, not by the counselors but by the other boys. It is a long step forward when a youthful offender will sit on another's bunk late at night and earnestly counsel him—*on the side of the law.*

Although the camp is now a permanent establishment, experimental work still goes on. Someday, the staff hopes to see it as the model for juvenile institutions throughout the country. "We know we are on the right track," Claude Bodkin declares. "And we know we still have a long way to go."

Meanwhile, Natural Bridge Camp is known in the service as "the pilot light of the Federal Prison System." The boys who have been there will tell you that it's a good name.

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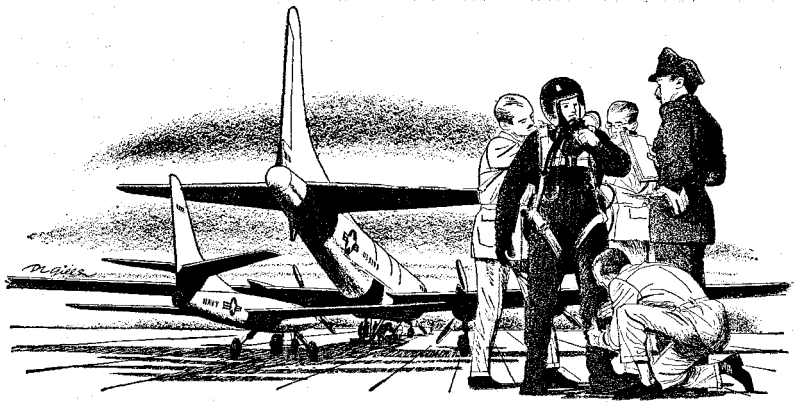

WORLD'S FASTEST HUMAN

by VICTOR BOESEN

The amazing story of how it feels to fly twice as fast as a pistol bullet

"I WAS SCARED," said William Barton Bridgeman in describing what took place while he was flying the futuristic Navy-owned Douglas Skyrocket more than a dozen miles above the earth, at about twice the speed of a pistol bullet.

Suddenly the ship slewed over on its side. Then it flipped back the other way. It kept up this rolling from side to side at the neck-snapping rate of 86 degrees a second, going nearly vertical on each roll.

"She was no longer an airplane," said this man who has flown higher and faster than anyone else in the world. "She was a missile, out of control." He laughed a little. "It's funny now, looking back, but at the time I was scared to death. I said to myself, 'You've been in tight spots before. Take it easy.' "

Bridgeman had indeed been in tight spots during the four years of World War II, during which he rose from Navy ensign to commander, and earned two Distinguished Flying Crosses. There is something habit-forming about such a way of life, which is why he was glad to get on as test pilot with Douglas Aircraft after a quiet four years as a transport flier following the war.

"I felt that test work would be more interesting," he says.

He was not disappointed. Flying the pin-sleek, superfast Skyrocket, interest begins about three days before each test trip is scheduled, and sustains on a mounting scale until it is over. This is usually many days past schedule, because of delay in getting proper alignment of the myriad factors on which success depends.

Bridgeman arrives at the scene, the dry-lake bed of Edwards Air

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Force Base at Muroc, California, in time to get two or three good nights' sleep beforehand. "You can't get in shape in one night for this sort of thing," he declares.

During these days of ease he sits in the cockpit of his ship and for hours practices the moves required in routine flight and in emergencies. His actions and reactions must be automatic. Equally important, they must be in the right sequence.

On the final night he is in bed by 10:30. At dawn, he is up and, after a light breakfast, ready to start on the lengthy preparations for the day's work.

Getting into his specially made Martian-like suit takes an hour, with a physician checking each step to make sure of the fit. When it is on, the chances are good that Al Carder, young scientist-engineer and project coordinator for Douglas, will poke his shoulders up through the opening in the B-29 and shake his head, casually saying, "Not today."

With human lives, millions of dollars and years of aviation future riding on the Skyrocket, Carder inflexibly stands his ground until every factor is just right for a take-off.

If the wind, for instance, is more than 25 miles an hour, no flight. Wind whips up desert dust, obscuring the runway. A clear view of the landing strip is imperative because the tiny rocket ship, shooting its bolt aloft, returns on a dead stick, giving the pilot but one pass at the strip. For the same reason, it won't do to have clouds around.

As, eventually, the bomber grinds slowly toward the substratosphere, clutching the Skyrocket to its bosom like an eagle with its prey, two F-86 Sabres climb aloft. These are the "chase planes." Their job, so far as possible, is to keep an eye on the speedster during what's coming.

One chaser takes a position near the B-29 at the point of release, 25 miles from the lake. By radio after the drop, he reports on the rockets as they are fired: "One looks good . . . two is good," and so forth.

This word goes to Bridgeman and, far below, to the control tower where Carder and his assorted experts are listening intently for word from Bridgeman himself and any questions he may have.

They restrain questions of their own, knowing that he is busy when he's on his way. Carder once asked solicitously, "How're you doing?"

Bridgeman snapped back, "Don't bother me, I'm busy!"

Carder thought he said "dizzy" and had a bad time with himself, but held his tongue.

The second chase plane scoots out to where the speed run will end, 50 miles from the release point. There he will shepherd the spent ship back to earth.

It's good to have company, but when the pilots of the chase planes happen to be Lieut. Col. Frank "Pete" Everest and Maj. Charles "Chuck" Yeager, Bridgeman is doubly pleased. Everest held the airplane altitude mark, reached in Bell's X-1, before Bridgeman took it away from him with the Skyrocket. Yeager was the first man to fly faster than sound, again in the X-1.

Yeager also has a flair for leavening a heavy situation with a light touch. Once, when Bridgeman was pulling up the spear-point nose of the Skyrocket to discover her stalling point, she abruptly fell into a spin. Nine thousand feet later, when

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Bridgeman finally regained control, Yeager came in on the radio. "Oops!" he said.

About an hour before release time, Bridgeman lowers himself into the Skyrocket and is sealed aboard, cut off from the world except by radio. He hooks himself into various circuits so that man and machine become virtually a single organism. Once more he runs through the sequence of his impending activities.

Then comes a tendency to introspection. Perhaps he thinks of the kick his father, Bill, Sr., old-time barnstormer and presently aeronautical adviser to the State of Colorado, would get out of this; perhaps he thinks of the University of California at Los Angeles, where he majored in, of all things, geology.

"Sometimes as I sit there," he says, "I think, 'What am I doing here? I'm a guy who likes fun!' "

But there is business to talk about with George Jansen, pilot of the B-29, and when that runs out, maybe some ribaldries. This tempers the solitude.

Jansen is another member whom Bridgeman rates above himself. "It's on George's shoulders to get us to the exact height and position. He has to figure the wind, and know what to do if there is an emergency, like fire—how to get rid of me, and how to save the bomber and crew."

At the exact height . . . nearly seven miles up . . . the temperature outside the cockpit is 65 degrees below zero. There is no oxygen to speak of; coma would come in one minute, then death. The pressure of the outside atmosphere has dropped to one-fourth of the near sea-level pressure generated in the cockpit. It is no place for a pessimist. And from here on things don't improve any. Jansen radios, "Five minutes to go!" The count comes down to one minute. "Fifty seconds . . . ten seconds . . . nine . . . eight . . ."

Bridgeman tenses. His feet are on the rudder pedals. He grips the wheel with one hand, with the other reaches for the switch that will fire No. 1 rocket barrel.

Inexorably the count continues. "Three . . . two . . . one . . . drop!"

As the ship glides free, Bridgeman hits the first rocket switch, then the other three in rapid succession. Flames belch out behind. He's on his way. With tons of thrust from the exploding rockets hurtling him forward, he pulls back on the wheel and heads for infinity.

In moments he will be climbing faster than sound. But he mustn't hit it too soon; supersonic speed puts extra drag on the ship, draining power needed when he pushes over into the straightaway.

In a matter of seconds he is six or seven miles above the B-29, where no man has been before. If he had time to look around, he would see the earth's curvature. In the thin air of this altitude, without protection, his blood would sizzle.

He pushes over for the straightaway. Though stretched across many miles, the arc of the pushover sends him straining upward against his seat straps.

His speed continues to mount, but not because he is no longer going up. At the rate he was climbing, it was easier to go up than down, because of the progressively thinning atmosphere.

What keeps him going faster on

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the straightaway is the continuing acceleration of the rockets. This will go on until the fuel gives out. That will be soon, for it is being used at the rate of more than a ton a minute. But it seems an eternity.

At the peak of the dash he would overtake and pass a .45 caliber pistol bullet fired parallel to his course, as if it were going the other way.

The thunder of the rockets is trailing far behind now. The only sounds are the clicking of instruments, and the intermittent "whee-e-e-p" of the hydraulic system.

It was at this peak point once that the ship got those extremely disquieting wibble-wobbles described at the beginning. All that may be added about this is that it was licked, and that it taught a valuable lesson.

But at this speed there is another, far less tractable hazard: frictional heat. At 1,000 miles an hour the temperature of the plane's surface shoots up 200 degrees, just under boiling, from the air brushing past. And Bridgeman is doing far more than 1,000 miles an hour.

Then, before the heat can do mischief, it's all over. The ship slows like an automobile slewing into loose gravel. Now to get back to the runway, miles below and 25 miles behind, on a dead stick.

Bridgeman pulls the ship around in a tremendous U-turn, and starts the long glide home. Several miles down, he picks up the chase plane which will escort him in.

Once, 45 seconds from the runway, the right wheel of the landing gear failed to show locked-in-place on the instrument panel. He radioed Yeager, his shepherd that day.

"I'll have a look," replied Yeager, and expertly nuzzled his Sabre up under the Skyrocket's belly. "Yep, that seems to be right," he reported. "Haul the wheel up and let it down again, and we'll see what happens."

Bridgeman did as instructed, and Yeager checked again. "Still no good," he said. "Try it once more. Only, Bill, this time wait till I get my head out of the wheel well before you pull it up."

Now skimming the sagebrush, and with a half dozen seconds to go, they finally got matters in hand.

In 11 to 16 minutes after the drop, Bridgeman is back on the ground. That evening he is likely to visit his old friend and fellow bachelor, Willie Moore, in Pacific Palisades, whom he has known since they were lifeguards together.

After dinner will come talk about the house which Moore, an architect, is building for his friend high on a bluff overlooking the Pacific.

A feature of this project is that the brick and cement work is being left to Bridgeman. He wants to get the hang of these arts with a view some day to going into building contracting.

"That," he explains, "will be something for my old age."

Reason Enough

A ship, according to Admiral Nimitz, is called a "she" because "she loves to rest on the bosom of a swell." —JEROME SAXON

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ANIMALS REMEMBER

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

An uncanny intelligence warns nature's creatures of lurking danger

ONE AFTERNOON IN May, I was riding down an old abandoned road near my home in South Carolina. Suddenly Gypsy threw her head up violently, and I felt her tremble beneath me as she stopped. Warily she blew out her breath in snortings that increased in violence. Something had evidently frightened her.

In those woods, I knew, there were but two things which could so alarm my little thoroughbred: either a roaming black bear or a rattlesnake. At the scent of either, any high-spirited horse will become completely terrified.

I did not particularly care about investigating the bushy edges of the road in order to discover the hiding place of a diamond-back rattlesnake. Nor was a bear-stalk especially appealing. I stroked Gypsy's mane, talking gently to calm her. But trying to urge her forward did no good. She wouldn't move.

Just as I was turning her, in the white sand of the old road I saw a place abraded, as if someone had drawn a log straight across the path. I had no difficulty in recognizing the track as that of a huge diamond-back. It did not take Gypsy long to leave that part of the country!

It must have been a year later when by chance I rode the same mare to the same place. Our little escapade there had passed from my mind. The woods had been burned off. Everything was different. There was no bear and no rattlesnake in all that stretch of countryside. The fire had even changed the aspect of the landscape to such a degree that I had difficulty in locating myself.

In fact, I did not do so until Gypsy suddenly threw up her head, began to fidget as she advanced, and then planted herself in the road, her ears cocked forward, her flanks trembling. The trouble was plain: she remembered. We were at the exact spot where she had been frightened the year before.

Migrating birds and animals appear to seek out old haunts from memory. The familiar trees, fields and hedgerows of home are dear to them. I remember how a ghostly little phoebe bird illustrated to me her ability to return to her strange and almost undiscoverable nesting place in the forest.

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As you know, this little songstress of the shadows loves to fasten her nest against a cool wall, against some such place as a stone spring house, an old bridge or a rock cliff overhanging the water. One day in June I came, in the woods, to a cataract making a fall of nearly 40 feet. The edges of the fall were transparent and iridescent; behind their dazzling veil I could see the dark suggestion of a cave. In a mood of exploration, I went to the foot of the waterfall and passed through the curtain of chilly mist.

There was my cavern, spacious and shadowy, in the soft dusk. Suddenly from one of the dim walls a phoebe flew down, and passed swiftly through the filmy curtain of the waterfall to the sunlight beyond. It was the first time I had ever known a bird to nest behind the screen of a cataract. Within a few minutes she was back again, darting deftly through the brilliance of that wavering curtain.

The following year I revisited the same cave. Nothing had changed. And there was a new phoebe's nest with the old mother on it. At least, I have a right to believe that it was the same bird. For how could another one find and become attached to so singular a nesting site?

Long ago, one of my duties was the swimming of cattle in the springtime across the river to a delta island, where they pastured all summer. In the early autumn I had to round them up again and make them swim the river home.

One year, a pet cow of mine named Ruby got mired just as she landed on the island, and it was hours before I managed to extricate her from the treacherous, sucking mud. Later she rejoined the herd, none the worse for her struggle.

Summer passed and then came autumn. After a rather wild day of rounding up my cattle, I brought them to the landing for their crossing, this time homeward. With but little persuasion they took the water; and when once in, they swam valiantly.

I counted heads as they swam clear of the shoreline. Ruby was missing. A moment later, to my surprise, I saw her enter the river at least fifty yards above the point where the rest of the herd had begun their swim. She had remembered her misfortune of seven months before, and she obviously wasn't going to get into that same morass again!

It is memory that enables an animal to open a gate which is fastened; a certain lift, a certain turn, and the thing is done. Perhaps the feat is accomplished at first by accident, but after that, by memory.

One of my friends is a game warden on a preserve in the South. Not long ago he was telling me of the trouble he was having to keep deer from destroying all the crops the club had planted.

"I put up an eight-foot wire fence around our big pea field," he said, "and while I felt sure the deer would not jump over it, yet they kept coming in. I sat up one moonlight night to see just how they managed the thing.

"At last a whole herd of them, ten or more, suddenly appeared in the moonlit field not a hundred yards from me. How they got there was a mystery. They fed quietly for about two hours, then trooped off into the bushes and vanished. I

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marked the place by three big pines that stood there.

"The next day, I went to the place. And what do you suppose I discovered? There was a shallow ditch under the fence, running into the field and off into the woods. Those deer had gone down in the ditch and then literally crawled under the wire, tall horns and all.

"But the really smart feature of the performance was their remembering just how they had come in. They had really walked into a kind of trap. But no place is a trap if you know the way out!"

Then there was our goat, Gunga Din, who remembered! My boys' pet, we had an easy time keeping him in the summer at our country home; but to keep a goat in town in the winter is a problem for all concerned. It was decided to get boarding in the country for him from October until April.

Some four miles away from our house lived a mountaineer who had a large herd of semi-wild goats that pastured in a vast tract of solitary waste land. There we took Gunga, made an arrangement with the owner, and left the visitor with a herd almost as wild as deer.

When April came, we eagerly went to the wilderness of thickets to reclaim Gunga Din. But a real difficulty presented itself: we could not get within a hundred yards of any of the goats! They would scamper away from us, mount little eminences and eye us with what was very close to complete suspicion. My boys were almost in despair—especially the baby, aged three.

Suddenly, without any suggestion from us, the baby toddled forward toward the big flock of wild-eyed goats. He had the disarming confidence of a little child.

"Gunga Din!" he called in a voice like a bird. "Come here, Gunga Din!"

Until that moment we had been unable to distinguish our own pet from the many others like him. But now he detached himself and came forward—not walking distrustfully, but running with the certain joy of blissful recognition and recovery.

It sounds odd to talk about a happy reunion with a goat. But Gunga was almost a member of the family, and despite his recent wild rovings with the herd through the savage waste lands, he had not forgotten his place with us.

Animal Offerings

ADVERTISEMENT noted in a California community newspaper—"Home wanted for 3-month old puppy. Housebroken except when happy."
—DAN BENNETT

SIGN IN a pet shop window—"Situation wanted: Healthy kitten wants good home. Honest, loyal, sober. Will do light mousework."
—WALTER WINCHELL

SEEN IN A Florida paper—"For Sale: Two Dalmatian puppies. Parents registered. Both females."
—IRENE GUNDERSEN

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He Has Snatched 40,000 Cars

by JOHN L. SPRINGER

Ray Barnes is the nemesis of auto buyers who "forget" payments

A SHORT, RED-FACED man strode into a police station in New York's theatrical district. "I parked my car down the street an hour ago," he stormed. "I need it for a business trip tomorrow, but now it's been stolen."

He began to sputter a description of the car when a policeman took him by the arm. "You're going on a trip *tonight*," the officer said firmly. "We've been waiting for you. You've passed a dozen bad checks from here to Atlanta."

The visitor's anger vanished. "How did you know I'd come here?" he asked in bewilderment.

The policeman smiled. "The man who took your car told us you owed eight months' payments. He recovered it for the bank. We checked further and discovered you were wanted in the South for passing bad checks. Figuring you'd report the car lost, we simply waited."

Cases like this happen often. For the man who drove off with the check-passer's car was the country's "foremost auto thief" who has "stolen" 40,000 cars in 30 years, yet whose police record is spotless.

Raymond L. Barnes, a detective who works for banks, insurance and finance companies, recovers automobiles from individuals evading legal payments on them. He takes cars from under the very noses of racketeers and car sharpers, who, after making down payments, refuse to pay the remainder.

Ordinary persons who lag in payments seldom encounter him, for credit institutions usually employ his service only when other means of collection fail. As agent for the legal owners, Barnes can drive cars

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on which payments are delinquent.

With special metal hooks, he opens locked doors as easily as with a key. He starts a car by crossing ignition wires, and if it won't run, he quickly tows it away.

Once a finance company sent its own agent to Brooklyn's Brownsville section to repossess a luxurious limousine. As the agent drove it away, another big car swung in behind him. The automobiles raced through Brooklyn streets until finally the second car shot ahead and stopped, blocking the road. Five thugs leaped out, pulled the agent from behind the wheel, punched and kicked him, and left him lying near death.

After the company asked Barnes to take the case, he uncovered information that made him pale. The car was held by a killer in the notorious gangster mob, Murder Inc.!

Nevertheless, Barnes proceeded to lay plans. For weeks he and a helper cautiously trailed the big car. But the mobster always parked where he could keep an eye on it.

Barnes was near despair when the gangster-filled car pulled up early one morning before a crowded restaurant. The killers took a table which cut off their view.

Quickly Barnes opened the limousine with his special device as his assistant's car pushed it away. A minute later he had the big machine moving under its own power.

In nine other Murder Inc. cases, mobsters switched license plates and ownership certificates to throw him off guard. But he recovered every car without suffering a scratch.

The "King of the Auto Snatchers" has not always been so lucky. Once, in a Los Angeles garage, three mechanics attacked him with wrenches. He awoke 33 hours later, with a fractured skull. Another time, an irate farm hand slashed his thigh with a scythe.

A native Oklahoman, Barnes began his career as "a good thief" 30 years ago in Los Angeles, where migrants often made small downpayments on cars and then disappeared. He frequented all the nearby towns, often repossessing 20 cars in a few weeks.

During the Depression, hundreds of people bought cars in California and skipped East. He chased so many sharpers to New York that he finally set up headquarters there and organized his unique service as the Automobile Recovery Bureau, Inc., which has trailed thieves to every state, Canada, Mexico and South America, and which even has agents in Europe.

At headquarters, Barnes spends working days telephoning 200 operatives throughout the country, discussing as many as 1,000 searches—all of which may be under way at one time.

Recently his phone buzzed—a call from Dubuque, Iowa. "I've just phoned the man with that blue convertible we're looking for," his agent reported. "By pretending to be an insurance man with money for him, I reached him at a Bronx apartment house." Barnes noted the address and by car telephone, called another agent driving through the Bronx.

The defaulter meanwhile had grown suspicious and thrown his clothes into a valise, planning a quick getaway. He emerged from the apartment house just in time to see the agent step into the con-

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vertible and speed away. Total elapsed time, from the first phone call in Dubuque: 14 minutes!

Another time, a discount company asked Barnes to recapture a sports model from a delinquent New York playboy. "I'll be back in a few minutes," he said when he heard the name. Walking a couple of blocks to Park Avenue, he identified the car and drove it away.

"How did you do it?" officials asked in amazement.

"I've recovered four cars from this same fellow," Barnes explained. "Each time the car stood in front of a girl friend's house. I follow the gossip columns to learn who his current girl friend is—and the rest is easy!"

SOME CASES LAST for years, however. Once a bureau employee saw a newspaper advertisement offering car transportation to a few persons from New York to California. The advertiser's name looked familiar and an investigation of files disclosed that a bank had wanted him for six years.

"Persons who deliberately refuse to pay back a loan, sooner or later commit other crimes," Barnes says. "Often we recover cars merely by watching crime reports."

A few years ago a gaunt, bedraggled man stopped his automobile beside a New Jersey state trooper. "I've murdered my wife in a fit of anger," he said. "Her body is in the rear seat."

The story made headlines throughout the country and enabled Barnes to mark another case closed: The murderer was a man he had sought for months.

Barnes' chief assistant is his attractive wife, Lorna Lou, former Hollywood schoolteacher who has ferreted out vital information by posing as a telephone operator, a WAC, a bereaved widow, an insurance agent, a nurse, a former school chum or fellow office worker of a "skip."

Her favorite role was that of a movie starlet whose father refused to pay for a car and stored it in a garage, with instructions forbidding his daughter to use it.

Spectacularly dressed and wearing dark glasses, Lorna Lou swished into the garage and demanded the car. When the attendant refused, she feigned anger. "Didn't Father phone to say I might have it?" she said. "He promised he would."

Lorna Lou wrote a telephone number on a sheet of paper. "Here," she said, "call Father yourself."

The attendant soon returned with the car keys. "Your father intended to call but forgot," he said.

Lorna Lou drove around the corner and met "Father" emerging from the drugstore, whose phone booth number she had given. She picked up her husband and they drove off together.

While the law permits Barnes to repossess a car, he must leave its contents intact. This provision has caused him a great many embarrassing moments.

Once he found a carnival worker's car at Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, and was about to step on the throttle when he looked at the rear seat. There lay a rattlesnake, poised to strike. He leaped out, but soon returned with a forked stick and a rope which he slid over the rattler's head to render it impotent. After reaching a garage he

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called the snake's owner to come and recover the reptile.

Recently, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes traced a car to Jackson Heights, New York. As Lorna Lou slipped behind the wheel, the owner approached. "Drive off," he yelled, "and I'll have you put in jail for kidnaping!"

A baby slept in the rear seat, and for hours Mrs. Barnes sat at the wheel while the owner refused to remove it. Finally the infant awoke, screaming. When the parent could stand its wails no longer, he took it from the car and Mrs. Barnes drove away.

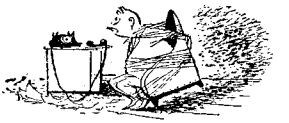
"America's Number One Car Thief" has played a role in many unusual cases. One that he remembers best occurred in 1942, when the harried president of a Detroit engineering firm reported that one of his employees had fled with blueprints of essential parts of the B-24 bomber on which the firm was working. In Nazi hands, the plans would be invaluable.

FBI men watched as clue after clue proved fruitless. Then they learned that the suspect owed several back automobile payments. They called Barnes to ask if he had taken the case.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "my agent now is out at Hempstead, Long Island, where the man is working, waiting to take the car."

FBI men raced to Hempstead, met the agent, searched the car and found the missing blueprints hidden behind a seat. A few minutes later, when the suspect came back to his car, they seized him.

Mr. Prophyle's Problem



TALL, DARK AND DAPPER Mr. Prophyle was loaded with charm and so handsome that his smile could reduce a dummy in milady's shop window to a mass of molten wax. And the sighing girls waiting for a chance to work in his office would have made a queue longer than in front of a movie theater offering crunchless popcorn. All of which didn't make his wife the world's happiest woman, because her Adonis didn't believe in letting his attributes romantic wither unnoticed on the vine.

Tonight, as he worked alone in his office, two thugs barged in and demanded the keys to his car parked at the curb. He protested. He was mauled, violently deprived of the keys in question and left tied with rope to his swivel chair.

An hour later he managed to unhook the telephone with his teeth, call his home, and say, "Honey, I'm tied up in the office and . . ."

"Tied up again, eh?" taunted his spouse. "Give a married Romeo enough rope and he's always tied up at the office . . . yah! Well, I hope the drinks and night-club floor are smooth, and that she dances divinely. Good-by!"

Mr. Prophyle groaned. He realized he never should have told his wife he was tied up at the office when, as a matter of fact, he was—but tightly. —*Wall Street Journal*

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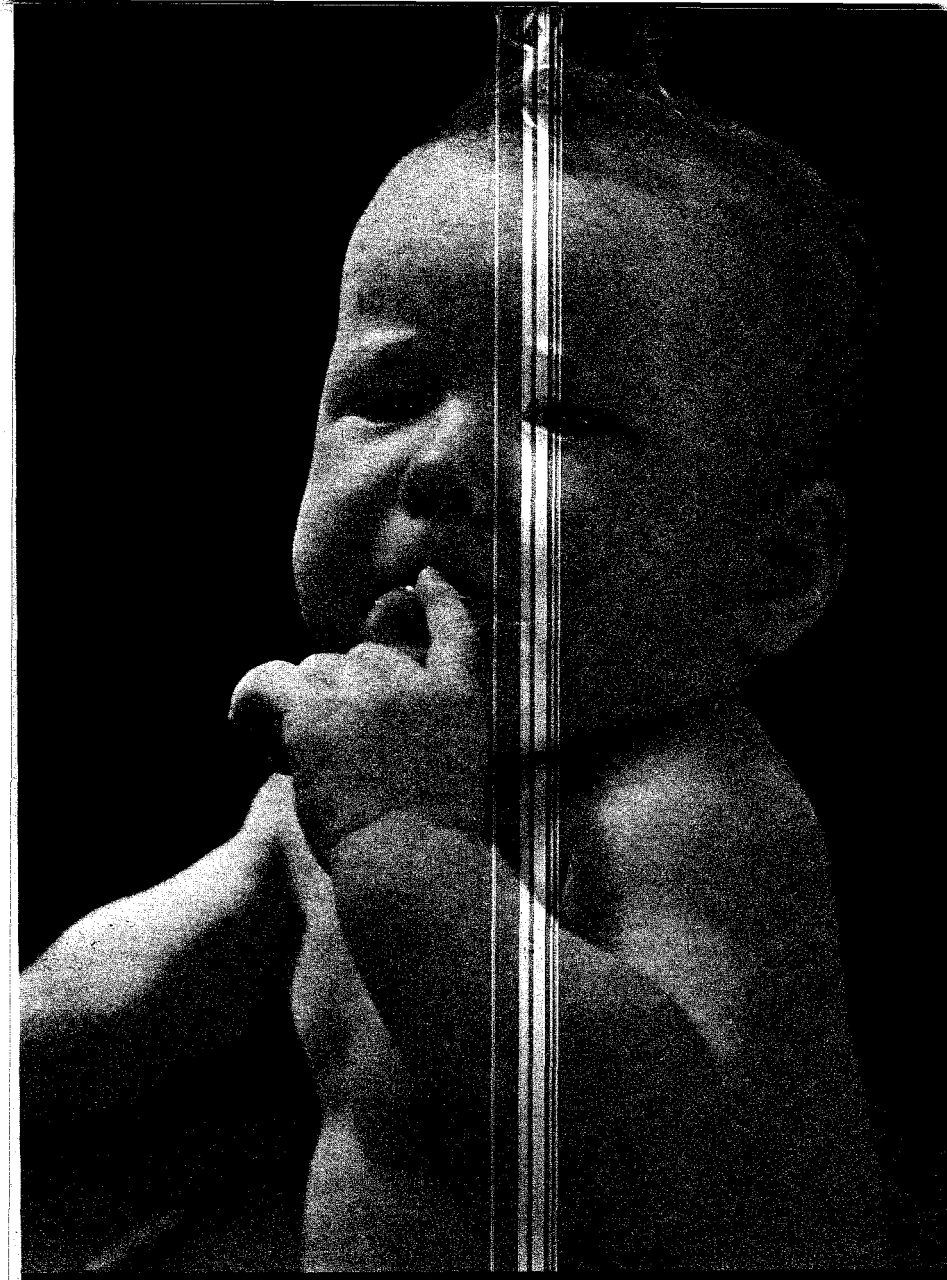

"Take it away! Get it out of here!" this apprehensive little man seems to be saying. And the offending object? Practically anything, from a fluffy pussycat to sweet old Aunt Martha, who wouldn't hurt a fly.

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Nor can babies need words to make their meanings clear. They can do it with a look. This one, responding to the efforts of a grownup trying to amuse him, might be muttering, "How crazy can you get?"

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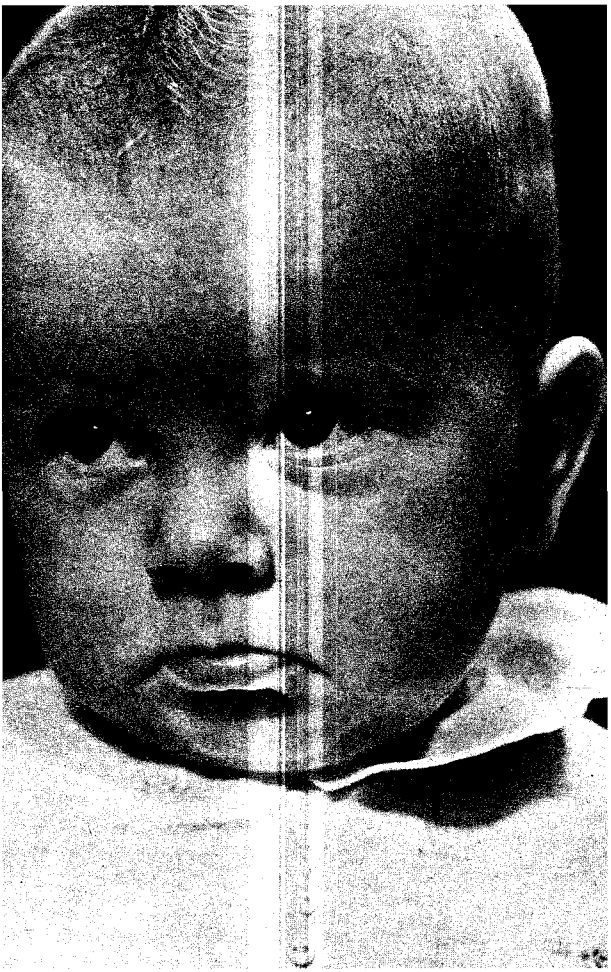

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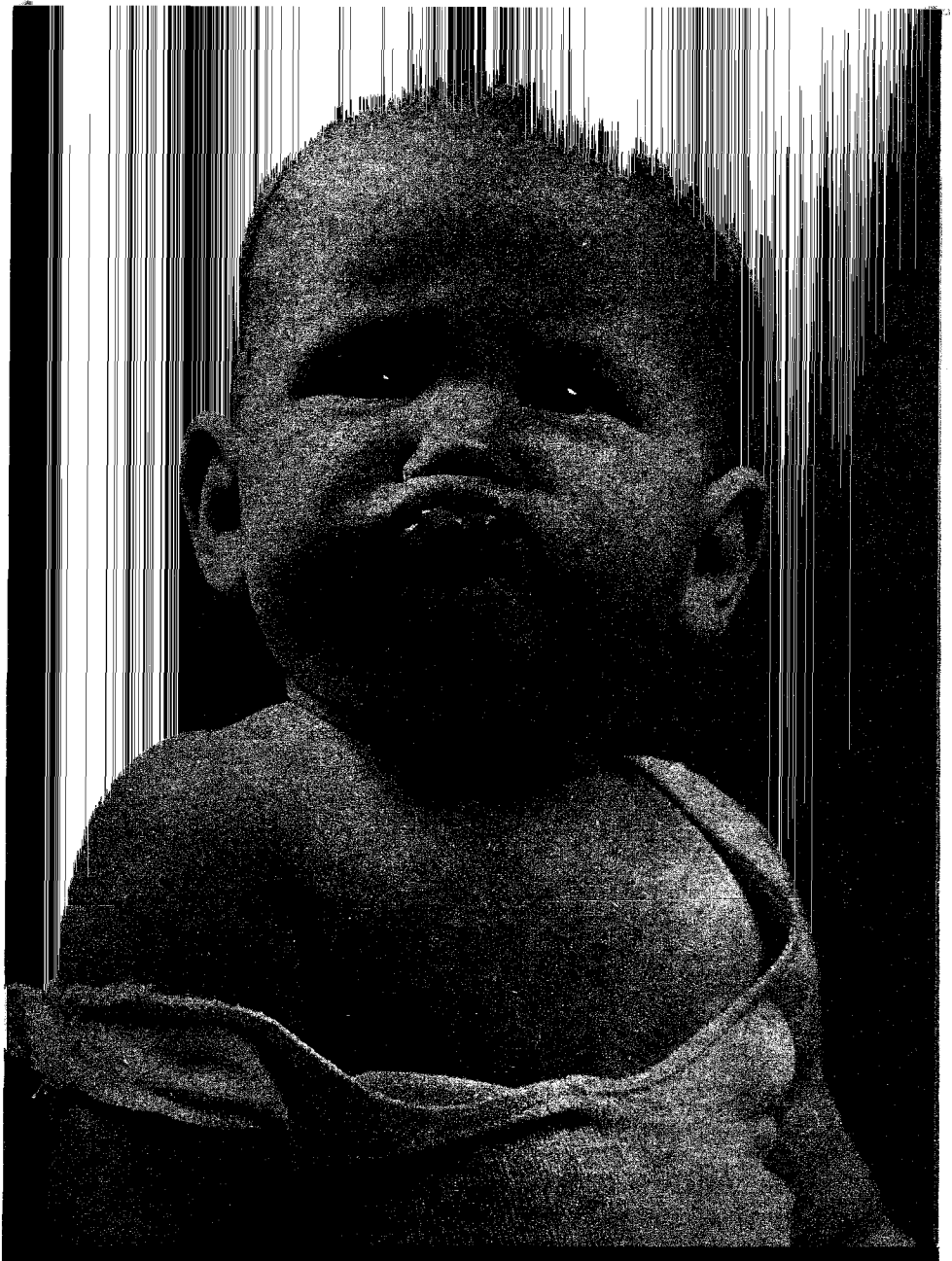

All day, this baby has been peered at by gigantic faces. He has been dangled over huge shoulders, tossed in the air, put down when he wanted to get up. His final comment on the whole thing: a Bronx cheer.

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Denmark's Wonder-World for Youngsters

by LILI FOLDES

The playground where children learn from life

ONE SUNNY SPRING afternoon in 1931, C. T. Sorensen, a landscape architect of Copenhagen, Denmark, set out to visit a children's playground he had just completed. He walked quickly and eagerly, aglow with the thought of what he would see.

He had built the playground with loving care, putting in the latest equipment designed to delight a child—gleaming new slides, massive yet delicately balanced seesaws, swings that soared with the effortlessness of a bird.

He reached his destination—and stopped short. There was his playground. But not a child was to be seen anywhere!

Sorensen stood unbelieving for a moment, then slowly turned away. Yet, *weren't* those children's voices he heard? Yes, from somewhere nearby, the wind carried the chatter and laughter of youngsters.

Sorensen followed the sound, and around the corner came upon a large lot filled with old iron, broken drainpipes, bicycle wheels, discarded tires. And swarming joyously over and about this junk were children—obviously having the time of their lives.

Recalling the incident, Sorensen says: "The children knew what they wanted. Apparently I didn't."

Because Sorensen never forgot that lesson, visitors to Copenhagen today beat a path to one of the most extraordinary playgrounds in existence—the world-famous *Skrammellegeplads*, a never-never land built by children for children.

To adult eyes, at least, *Skrammellegeplads* looks to be what its name means—"junk play-yard." Hidden behind a hedge of wild roses and surrounded by modern apartment houses, it is a rectangular lot covered with empty barrels, broken automobile bodies, brick piles, planks, packing-cases, old stoves

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and strange little shacks. But to a child's eye, the barrels are windmills, the stoves are subways, the shacks are castles out of a fairy tale.

Most people are likely to pass by the playground's inconspicuous entrance at 33 Emdrupvej, yet the list of those who have crossed the threshold include world-distinguished educators, psychologists and students of child development who have used the playground as a model for similar ones in their own countries.

Directly inside the entrance stands an odd-looking statue of a cocky elf with a protruding nose, riding on a streamlined toy horse. This private work of art is a reminder that the adult world has been left behind and this is the Land of Children.

All over the place dozens of them are engaged in the oddest chores. A little girl of eight struggles to fit a box of flowers in place of the motor that a group of boys have just managed to tear out of a doorless and windowless Model T Ford. A four-year-old tot stands watch gravely on top of a venerable yellow baker's wagon. Two older boys work tensely on turning a broken drainpipe into an underground railway station.

Some children dig caves; others build houses. There are dozens of miniature mansions on the lot. All have flat roofs and reach somewhere between the waistline and shoulder of an adult. They are about six by four feet and equipped with furniture built by the children.

Recalling his struggle to make *Skrammellegeplads* come true, Sorensen says, "It wasn't easy to persuade people that this was really what the children wanted—that we had to create a playground to please them, not us."

Some accused him of wanting to turn their children into slum youngsters; others felt insulted that he was presuming their children wanted to play in the mud.

Nothing happened until late 1942. Then, in a period during the Nazi occupation when morale was particularly low, a representative for the Danish Workers' Cooperative Housing Association visited Sorensen.

"We propose to turn an area of 7,000 square yards at the new group of low-cost apartments in Emdrupvej into a junk-yard playground," the architect told Sorensen. "I've come to you for advice . . ."

Skrammellegeplads was a success from the start. Virtually overnight, hundreds of children began the indiscriminate collection of odds and ends provided and began fashioning the place after their own desires.

"Youngsters want an opportunity to create a world of their own—a world they can have to themselves," explains Anne Marie Norvig, superintendent of the first Experimental Municipal School of Copenhagen. "The junk-yard playground is the answer. Here they have freedom and a chance to carry out their dreams and fantasies."

While most parents send their children to *Skrammellegeplads* to have a good time, a few bring their offspring for special reasons. "Some mothers think they have problem children," says Agnete Vestereg, the young teacher in charge. "But after a few weeks here, I am usually able to prove to them that if there was a problem, it was created by

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the parent, not by the child."

Noninterference by grownups is one of the golden rules at the playground. Everything which might serve to remind the child of authority is eliminated. Mrs. Vestereg's job is to give advice when the children ask for it, to guide but never to interfere. They have learned they can discuss their plans and ideas, defeats and victories, as freely with "Nita" as with an older sister. And parents turn to her just as confidently.

"My boy breaks everything in sight," a young mother complained as she presented her six-year-old son Peter. "We bought him expensive toys—he broke them all. Now he is beginning to smash our china and our windows."

Peter, a daily visitor now for over a year, hasn't broken as much as a pencil, Mrs. Vestereg testifies. When left to himself for the first time on the playground, Peter, like all children whose parents belong to what Mrs. Vestereg characterizes as the "don't-do-that school," stood helpless and forlorn.

Since he had been told he might do as he pleased, he saw no reason to start breaking things; but he was at a loss as to what to do. At this early stage he wouldn't join the others for fear of being reprimanded.

Peter and other children like him are invited by Mrs. Vestereg to what may unofficially be called the "Shy Corner." In the spacious indoor workshop these youngsters paint, draw and play with puzzles until they summon sufficient courage to join the others.

"A child will learn to cooperate with other children only after he has created something entirely on his own," Mrs. Vestereg points out. "The wish to realize himself as an individual is just as strong as his wish to belong to the group. Providing these opportunities, we think, is one of our most important functions."

On a typical day, as many as 200 boys and girls are busy from 10 o'clock in the morning till 6 at night, inventing, contriving, experimenting, creating. Most are from six to fourteen. The only way to keep them interested is to supply them with material they can work and play with.

Skrammellegeplads operates on a shoestring budget so tight that it leaves no money to buy even inexpensive junk. Such items as stoves, broken bicycles, a pushcart without wheels, a rowboat with its bottom missing, arrive at the playground unsolicited. Friends of *Skrammellegeplads* know that the children can use anything from crooked hairpins to moth-eaten horse saddles. But to secure bricks, planks and other valuable building material, special efforts have to be made.

By pooling their ingenuity, Nita and the children have always managed to acquire the stuff needed to keep the place going. Recently, a freckle-faced girl with pigtails breezed in, waving a torn page of a newspaper and crying with excitement: "Nita, Nita, look quick . . ."

Nita looked quickly at the brief item the flaxen-haired child indicated. A moment later she was gone. She reappeared two hours later, riding triumphantly on a horse-drawn cart stacked with birch trees.

These trees had been cut in one of the suburbs to clear the way for a new streetcar line. By calling on

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city fathers sympathetic to *Skrammellegeplads*, and cajoling the owner of the cart to transport the trees without pay, the young teacher had acquired precious building material that would keep the children happy for weeks.

The neat little workshop at *Skrammellegeplads* is chock-full of hundreds of expensive tools. The collection represents a small fortune, the money for which was earned by the children.

When the twigs and branches of the birch trees had served their time as building material, the youngsters chopped them up, bundled them, then set out to sell them for firewood. Once a month they organize salvage-paper sales.

The puppet theater, which the children built and operate themselves, is so amusing that grownups pay steep admission fees to attend the bi-weekly performances open to the public. The day after such presentations, the youngsters put on their best clothes and go to town to buy new tools.

Raising money is an essential part of the fun at *Skrammellegeplads*, and by contributing to its maintenance these youngsters feel they have earned the right to do as they please there. While transforming barrels into windmills, stoves into subways, and fabricating houses from bricks and branches, they have without knowing it given decisive proof to psychologists that, if permitted to contribute their skill and imagination, children will build instead of destroy.

If they have the freedom to act as they please, their constructive instincts will build a smoothly functioning little world where they may make their dreams come true.

Presidential or Not? (Answers to quiz on page 115.)

1. POSSIBLE. Washington served in the British Colonial Army against the French; 2. IMPOSSIBLE. The 100th birthday of John Adams would have been in 1835, while postage stamps were not authorized until 1847; 3. IMPOSSIBLE. The charter was never formally signed; 4. POSSIBLE. The letter was written; 5. POSSIBLE. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson both died on July 4, 1826; 6. IMPOSSIBLE. Buchanan never married; 7. IMPOSSIBLE. No gold piece was ever issued with Garfield's likeness on it; 8. IMPOSSIBLE. In 1839, Daguerre perfected the process of obtaining images on a plate of silver. Lincoln was postmaster in New Salem from 1833 to 1836; 9. POSSIBLE. John Quincy Adams was President when his father, John Adams, was still living; 10. POSSIBLE. McKinley was killed by two shots fired by an assassin; 11. IMPOSSIBLE. There are no tigers in Africa; 12. POSSIBLE. X-rays were discovered in 1895. Taft was President from 1909 to 1913; 13. POSSIBLE. This coat is in the Tennessee State Museum. Johnson was once a tailor; 14. IMPOSSIBLE. Mendelssohn was born in 1809, while Jefferson was President from 1800 to 1808; 15. IMPOSSIBLE. Morse made his first experiments in 1832, the year Jackson was re-elected; 16. POSSIBLE. It was the Chicago *Tribune;* 17. IMPOSSIBLE. The two Roosevelts were only fifth cousins; 18. IMPOSSIBLE. Cleveland was named after Moses Cleaveland, an early settler, in 1796; 19. IMPOSSIBLE. William Henry Harrison died in 1841 when Benjamin Harrison was only eight years old; 20. POSSIBLE. In 1906, Theodore Roosevelt was awarded the prize for effecting peace between Russia and Japan.

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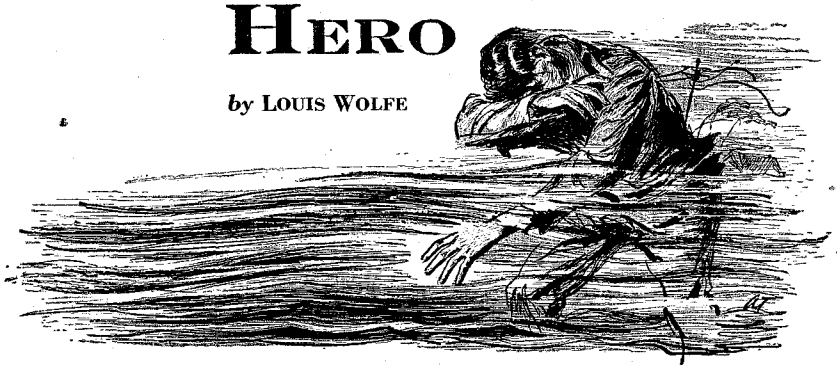
HURRICANE HERO

by LOUIS WOLFE



Engineer Easton saved his passengers when death rode the tracks

IT WAS A DAY set apart for terror. Out of the South an eerie wind howled about the roof tops of New London, Connecticut. It whipped the usually placid waters of the Thames River into a white fury. From skies so close they seemed to hug the earth, a slashing, fitful rain beat down.

Engineer Harry Easton of the *Bostonian*, crack express of the New York, New Haven & Hartford line, peered anxiously from his cab as his train all but crawled along the shore route toward Boston, more than 100 miles away. Easton was not a man to frighten easily, but he had good reason for caution. In the cars behind him he had 275 passengers; and somewhere ahead of him in this wind-torn chaos between New London and Boston, he had a rendezvous with a hurricane.

All week there had been portents of unnatural things to come. The heat was oppressive for September; day after day rain fell. Somewhere deep in the tropics, born in the vast reaches of the South Atlantic, one of the greatest hurricanes of modern times was roaring northward, gathering momentum as it skirted Florida, sweeping across the sea and hurtling past the Carolinas, Virginia and Delaware.

Now, on Wednesday the 21st, 1938, Long Island and Connecticut braced for the blow. Shortly after noon the Boston weather bureau alerted all New England: at any moment the hurricane would strike full force.

Slowly the *Bostonian* moved past the town of Mystic, half-hidden in the savage gray downpour. Powerful gusts of wind rattled the cars: the train shuddered as Engineer Easton throttled the engine down to seven miles an hour.

"Keep that fire going!" he shouted to his fireman.

With every passing moment the

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storm increased in fury. Peering ahead, Easton felt the skin about his temples grow taut: telegraph poles were beginning to topple, trees bent almost double and crashed to earth. "We're in for it," he muttered to himself.

Before he could bring his passengers into the comparative safety of the next station—that of Stonington, a mile away—he would have to take the *Bostonian* over a narrow, exposed causeway, stretching 2,000 feet across an expanse of Long Island Sound.

His mouth set grimly, his hand firm on the throttle, he nursed the *Bostonian* forward. Through the murk he caught a glimpse of the causeway. Water was already beginning to lap at the ties. The train crept out on the narrow ribbon of track and began inching its way at five miles an hour.

One hundred yards. Two hundred yards. Now the gale struck with all its power. Hundred-mile-an-hour winds roared across the turbulent Sound.

On either side of the causeway, the waters had become a drifting marine graveyard: shattered launches, splintered rowboats, indescribable debris. Dead sea gulls soared through the air. Small pieces of wreckage sailed by as though propelled on wings of their own.

Three hundred yards . . . Four hundred yards. Easton strained his eyes in an attempt to make out the signal tower at the causeway's end. Five hundred yards. The tracks before him had already disappeared beneath the water. He knew he was two-thirds of the way across: he could only imagine the state of mind of his passengers. Well, he thought grimly, they'd come through, God willing, unless he was forced to stop on the causeway.

At that moment he saw the signal tower light. It was red! He uttered an oath and jammed on the brakes. The *Bostonian* ground to a stop.

Easton glanced back. What he saw sent a chill up his spine. The last three coaches were leaning to one side like a child's train derailed by a careless hand. One powerful gust of wind might blow them over.

Easton tugged on his whistle cord. They *must* hear him at the tower. He *must* get a green signal.

The fireman put down his shovel and shook his head. "That whistle won't carry ten feet in this wind," he shouted. Easton suddenly eased himself from his seat behind the throttle.

"All right," he said. "I'm going out there myself. I've got to get that signal changed."

"No, don't try it!" The fireman held his arm. "Harry, you won't make it."

Easton shook himself free and climbed down from the engine. He was up to his ankles in water. The wind was like a solid wall. Head down, bent almost double, pieces of debris swirling about his legs, he forged his way toward the tower.

Minutes later, he reached it. Then he cupped his hands and yelled, "Hey! Hey, there!"

A head appeared at a shattered window. Towerman Harry Thomas looked down with amazement at the battered, water-soaked figure.

"Give me a green light!" Easton roared. "I've got three hundred passengers. I can't stay out there—we'll be blown away!"

"Okay! But take it easy," came

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Thomas' voice. "Another train's stalled up ahead."

Easton turned back. Even as he had been standing there, the water had risen with incredible speed. It was now waist-deep as he fought and stumbled his way toward the train. Halfway there, he lost his footing and fell. He was being swept away: frantically he clutched for a support. His fingers closed on the rail.

He held on with a death's grip, managed to pull himself up and floundered doggedly forward again. Wreckage bruised him, time and again he slipped and fell, but he finally reached the engine and was helped aboard by the strong arm of his fireman.

Weary and battered, Easton climbed into his seat. But as he was about to grip the throttle, George Barton, the conductor, hurried into the cab. "The roadbed under the last three cars is washed out!"

Easton looked back. The cars were now leaning almost at a 45-degree angle. They might topple into the water any moment.

"Get the passengers into the forward cars!" he snapped. "Uncouple those last three. We'll go on without 'em. Work fast!"

Back in the coaches again, Barton ordered the terror-stricken passengers into the forward cars. Some men and women screamed; others pushed like cattle. A few went berserk and leaped into the waters.

Easton got the go-ahead signal. He pulled the throttle back. The train did not move. The wheels churned the water into a frenzy of foam—but the train would not budge.

Wreckage had become wedged under the wheels of the last cars, smashing the air lines so that every brake had locked. "All right," said Easton. "Move all the passengers into the head car. We'll have to uncouple the rest of the train."

The crew worked furiously in water now shoulder-deep. The passengers were herded into the first coach. Easton pulled the throttle. The engine started to forge through the high water, drawing behind it the single car jammed with humanity.

Tense, every sense alert, Easton carefully increased his speed. One mistake—and all might perish within sight of land.

By now the raging wind had torn down every telegraph wire: draped across the engine, caught in front of the smoke box and pilot, they grew tighter and tighter with every turn of the wheels. Suddenly there was a series of quick, sharp explosions. Telegraph pole after telegraph pole cracked and toppled over.

With wires and poles dragging along on either side, the *Bostonian*, like some prehistoric monster straining to escape from a jungle morass of choking vines and clutching quicksand, moved irresistibly on.

Almost at the end of the causeway, Easton saw looming before him the hulk of a wrecked cabin cruiser. It was directly in his path. He slowed almost to a stop—then drove forward. There was a sound of splintering, and the craft was nudged to one side.

A moment later he saw the top half of a house float majestically into view. Suddenly it swerved and bore down upon the train, coming to rest ahead of the engine.

Easton halted a foot from the house. He had no idea how firmly it was wedged onto the tracks. If he tried to push it aside, as he had the

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cruiser, the *Bostonian* might jump the tracks. . . .

But he had no choice. The sea was now almost as high as the cab. Easton gripped the throttle and pulled it back slowly. The engine groaned and moved forward, driving its nose into the side of the house. Easton added steam. There was a dull crunch and crash.

Now the engine was laboring. Easton, all but holding his breath, dared to pull the throttle back farther . . . farther . . . The house suddenly gave way. It slipped to one side and careened crazily off toward the distant shore.

Minutes later the *Bostonian*—one battered engine, one battered coach and one indomitable engineer in control—chugged triumphantly into Stonington. The happy passengers cheered the engineer.

Not until later did they realize the ordeal they had undergone. For the hurricane of 1938, during the few hours its force was unleashed upon the North Atlantic coast that memorable day, killed 600 persons, caused the greatest property damage in hurricane history and made 60,000 families homeless.

It damaged a quarter of a billion trees. It crushed 26,000 automobiles. It completely changed part of the coastline of the United States. And for weeks after, householders in Vermont, 120 miles from the sea, took visitors to see their windows made white with ocean salt—testament to the great wind which roared out of the tropics that memorable day.

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

"What I Know About Boys," ***by Louis Redmond.***

A companion feature to "What I Know About Girls," one of the most popular picture stories ever to appear in Coronet. "What I Know About Boys," a colorful 16-page pictorial feature, will stir all of you who have a little boy in your homes—or in your hearts.

"Winning the War Against Polio," ***by Madelyn Wood.***

Here, in one dramatic article, are all the latest developments in medicine's battle against infantile paralysis. This feature answers 16 vital questions about the insidious disease, and lists the important steps to take in protecting your children this summer.

"Nerves Can Ruin Love and Marriage," ***by Frank S. Caprio, M.D.***

Emotional instability in husband or wife often results in divorce. Various forms of neuroses lead to sexual incompatability, constant bickering, and even physical ailments. This Book Feature analyzes specific causes of unhappy marriages and offers invaluable advice.

These three features . . . and many more . . . will appear in next month's CORONET . . . the magazine that says Life Is Worth Living. The average circulation of CORONET reached an all-time high of 2,792,000 in the first quarter of 1952.

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MESSENGER OF DEATH

by GLENN D. KITTLER

PIERRE LUCAS laughed at his friend. "But Henri," he said, "you don't really believe in dreams, do you?"

"I believe in this one," Henri Mignot said. "I tell you, you are about to be murdered!"

"Forget it," Pierre said. "I invited you here to Alsace for a rest, and I've never seen you so troubled."

"I have a right to be," Henri persisted. "Look, I have never been here before, have I? Yet I know every inch of your house because I saw it in my dream. Tell me this, Pierre—do you keep a glass of water and a revolver on your night table?"

"Yes," said Pierre, surprised. "How did you—?"

"I know," Henri interrupted, "because I dreamed that, too."

"And how shall I be killed?"

"You will be stabbed in your sleep," said Henri.

"Then I will sleep with one eye open. Now, forget this foolishness, and let's go for a walk."

Together the two men left the rambling country house. In the garden, they passed an elderly man busy at work who respectfully touched his hat.

Henri Mignot was startled. "That's the man, Pierre," he gasped. "That is the man I saw in my dream—your murderer!"

"Old Paul a murderer?" Pierre laughed. "Why, Paul has been our gardener for 20 years. He's devoted to us."

"He is the man!" Henri insisted. "You must get rid of him."

But Pierre Lucas would not listen to his friend's wild demand. For two weeks, Henri warned him —but in vain. Returning to Paris, still troubled and worried, Henri found a telegram awaiting him: "To ease your mind, I have fired the gardener. Pierre."

Henri's mind was eased, indeed. That night, he slept well for the first time in weeks, and went to breakfast with a light heart. But his heart was jolted by the first story to catch his eye in the morning newspaper. It began:

"Monsieur Pierre Lucas was stabbed to death early today at his country home in Alsace. A former gardener, Paul Remaunte, has confessed to the crime. Remaunte said he acted in a fit of anger at the injustice of being discharged without explanation after 20 years of loyal service."

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Don't Hoard Your Heart!

by LOUISE LEVITAS

If you are niggardly with your affections, the warmth and joy of life may elude you

CRISIS BRINGS OUT the best, and worst, in human beings. And so it does in this moment of history. The fears we face today have inspired some men to bravery—and others to greed. It has turned some people into hoarders. I don't mean those who pile up canned goods or electric mixers. There is another, more disastrous kind of hoarding: a stinginess of spirit.

From my window, which looks out on neighboring back yards, I recently saw an example of this parsimony—an indignant spinster chasing some children from her garden. To the children, who lived in the tenements around the corner, the garden was a marvelous new playground. To the lady, it was a place of refuge.

Home from her day's work, she liked to look out into *her* garden without seeing anyone in the world. But each time she looked out now, she saw dirty-faced little boys peeping over the wall, sometimes even jumping down into her garden and ruining her plants!

She talked about them, when I met her occasionally, as if they were a new garden blight—"little savages" who had invaded her peace. The battle had gone on for weeks when, one afternoon, she stormed around the corner to settle it.

As soon as she approached her small enemies, she told me later, they ran. She had to corner them; and then the dirty, ragged little boys and the fastidious lady gardener had a talk. She informed them that trespassing was illegal, that she could call the police. They stared back at her solemnly. They seemed so much younger, less savage, than she had expected.

"Well?" she demanded uncomfortably. "You know it's wrong. Why don't you stay on your own street, where you belong? What do you want in my garden?"

One boy spoke at last. "It's the grass, lady. There ain't any here."

She looked at him in surprise, and then at the stony pavement on which they stood. That afternoon, the lady and her enemies made

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peace when she invited them into her garden. Now the boys visit her by invitation and behave like gentlemen. She gives them cookies and Cokes, and they help her with the weeding. It's added a pleasant new interest to her life (and theirs); and as a neighbor, she is a much nicer woman these days.

Perhaps you've known someone like that, a person who doesn't mean to be ungenerous but who in the pressure of other worries has forgotten how to give kindness. The boss who can never praise his employee for a job well done; the acquaintance who accepts hospitality but is always "too busy" to offer it; the neighbor who does a favor grudgingly because he's afraid of doing more than his share; the housewife who saves her parlor, her fanciest recipes, and her nicest manner for "company" because it seems pointless to put herself out for just a husband and children—these are spiritual hoarders.

Their frugality has no relation to need; in fact, often the hoarder is the person with more of the world's rewards than his friends. A good example is George King (which isn't his real name, of course). George grew up believing that other people envied him, but he was never sure whether they liked him. His wealthy parents taught him the overwhelming responsibility of wealth; not to dissipate his inheritance.

So George is never reckless with money; on the other hand, he always does what's right. At Christmastime he makes out a list of people for whom his secretary selects appropriate and expensive gifts. Invited to dinner, he always brings a large bouquet. And when he's having a drink with the boys, he reaches for the check a little oftener than they do. But not much oftener, for George lives in fear of being imposed on. He guards himself against impulsive gestures, whether of free affection or costly help.

By this time people have learned not to share their troubles with him. He's quite safe from their demands —and quite lonely.

Although it isn't an actual lack which prompts spiritual hoarders like George, they suffer from an acute fear of losing what they do have. The fact is, they have fewer resources than the rest of us *because they haven't learned to trust people.*

Like everyone else, they have tried to build a shelter against loneliness, but they have built theirs with money, prestige, or garden fences, instead of love. And, of course, when they need solace, they find themselves holding on to an empty and comfortless shell.

SO FAR WE HAVE considered extreme cases, people who have shut themselves off from much of the warmth and joy of life by their reluctance to share it with others. But let's admit that, at moments, the hoarding attitude may infect any one of us. In times of panic and uncertainty, we are all subject to impulses in which we mistrust our fellows and retreat into cubicles of self-interest.

Some of the petty bickering among neighbors, the family quarrels that grow out of trifling incidents, occur for just such unacknowledged reasons. Why, for example, does John Jones, who loves his wife, get into a temper over

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her weekly visits to her mother, or the occasional gifts she buys for her younger brother?

It isn't the small amount of time or money she spends; it's that John Jones has become jealous. He fears her normal interest in her family's welfare is depriving him of some of her love; he wants to be reassured that his wife lives only for him.

Sometimes it's the wife who displays an unreasoning jealousy about her husband's filial obligations. In either case, this is a hoarding attitude. And irrational though it may be, it has brought unhappiness to a great many couples, as I discovered from the revealing reports of the famous Marriage Consultation Center, of the Community Church of New York.

Dr. Abraham Stone, medical director of the Center, through 20 years of pioneer work in the field of marriage counseling, has become familiar with all the illogical, tragically needless consequences of hoarding. Anger, for instance, that springs up over a moment's slight, ought to be as quickly forgotten. But it isn't forgotten when one person hoards his resentment, saves up small grudges for some private, bitter reckoning.

A young married woman confided to a counselor at the Center: "I used to do that. When we had a quarrel, I'd just keep silence, a cold anger, against my husband for several days. But he cured me. He gave me the same treatment back!

"If I got angry at him, he'd stop talking to me. I couldn't take it. Now I realize it's much better just to talk out your anger right away."

It's surprising how much bitter misunderstanding between husband and wife is due in reality to the fact that one of them is undemonstrative. And all the more surprising how many married people *never* express their love. This is particularly true, Dr. Stone says, of men.

"Again and again, a woman will say to us, 'Yes, I know he loves me, but why doesn't he show it?' "

Husbands should remember the human fact that love should be expressed in words as well as intent; that it can never be taken for granted. For love is a living, changing relationship which must be nourished with tenderness or it may die.

Today, living in an age of anxiety, many people have forgotten how to value and cherish other human beings. They need to be reminded of the simple truth that when you give something of yourself to others, you don't lose: you gain.

Three years ago, the Rev. Jesse W. Stitt, minister of the 105-year-old Presbyterian Church in New York's Greenwich Village, was visited by the rabbi of a local Jewish congregation, less than a year old. The rabbi explained that his temple group, which numbered only 75, was seeking a place to hold services.

They had too few members to build their own temple, and their search for a meeting hall had proved fruitless. Would it be possible to use a room on Friday nights in the church's recreation building?

Dr. Stitt was sorry. There was no space available in the recreation building. But then he added, "Would you consider holding your services in the sanctuary itself?"

This generous suggestion, presented by each clergyman to his own congregation, aroused heated argument. Some of the Jewish

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people were suspicious of the minister's motive: perhaps they were being tempted to leave their own faith. Some of the Presbyterians were frankly hostile. When they were informed that if they agreed to the suggestion, it would mean moving the cross from the altar on Friday nights, a few parishioners said definitely no.

It was a little old lady, a traditionalist in the congregation, who, silent through all this debating, finally changed their minds with a few words. Moving the cross, she said, was not a violation. On the contrary. "That would fulfill its message. For in moving the cross, we would be extending the hand of fellowship."

In the three years since the Jewish congregation first held their Friday-night service in the Village church, the attitude of the two flocks toward each other has grown from a stiff politeness to a warm brotherhood, signalized recently when the Jews were invited to place their own outdoor sign, "Village Temple," alongside that for the church.

"We have worked all the time toward a deeper fellowship together," Dr. Stitt says.

"And without violating each other's point of view," adds his friend, Rabbi Sidney Strome.

In giving, Dr. Stitt's congregation has gained. The Jewish group has shared the church expenses, and the two faiths have jointly sponsored bazaars, fund-raising drives, a settlement house—all the activities which the Presbyterians once carried on by themselves. But the gain has also been spiritual.

"It's one thing to believe in the Golden Rule and another to work it out," says Dr. Stitt. "Our experience has enriched our daily lives."

Yes, it takes courage to go more than halfway toward people. But in the midst of today's alarms your warm and generous attitude toward family, friends and neighbors is the truest way to achieve security and peace of mind.

Apt Observation

"I'M AFRAID WE'RE on the road to the poorhouse," bleakly observed the husband as he reviewed the monthly household bills.

"Well," retorted the little woman, "if we are, then all I can say is that there certainly are a lot of other people around this neighborhood who are on it, too."

"True, true!" moaned her mate. "But we're passing all of them on the road." —*Wall Street Journal*

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Watch Out for Clichés!

by HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

IF YOU ARE looking for a sure way to make your conversation brighter, memorize the phrases listed below and eliminate them from your vocabulary. They are trite, stereotyped expressions. They have died from overwork. They are clichés.

Agree to disagree
Clear as crystal
Grim Reaper
All in all
Green as grass
Order out of chaos
After all is said and done
Be that as it may
Psychological moment
Take my word for it
Accidents *do* happen
At long last
By and large
Last but not least
Adding insult to injury
As a matter of fact
Bored to death
Bright and early
A bone of contention
By word of mouth
To make a long story short
Each and every one
Far from accurate
Few and far between
From bad to worse
If the truth were known
Scared to death
In the last analysis
The heart of the matter
It stands to reason that
Much as I hate to say it
Once and for all
Really and truly
So to speak
Up to the hilt
Wear and tear
You know what I mean
A vicious circle
When all is said and done
It goes without saying

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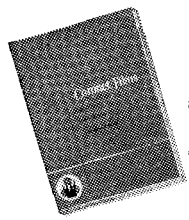

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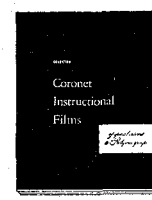

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